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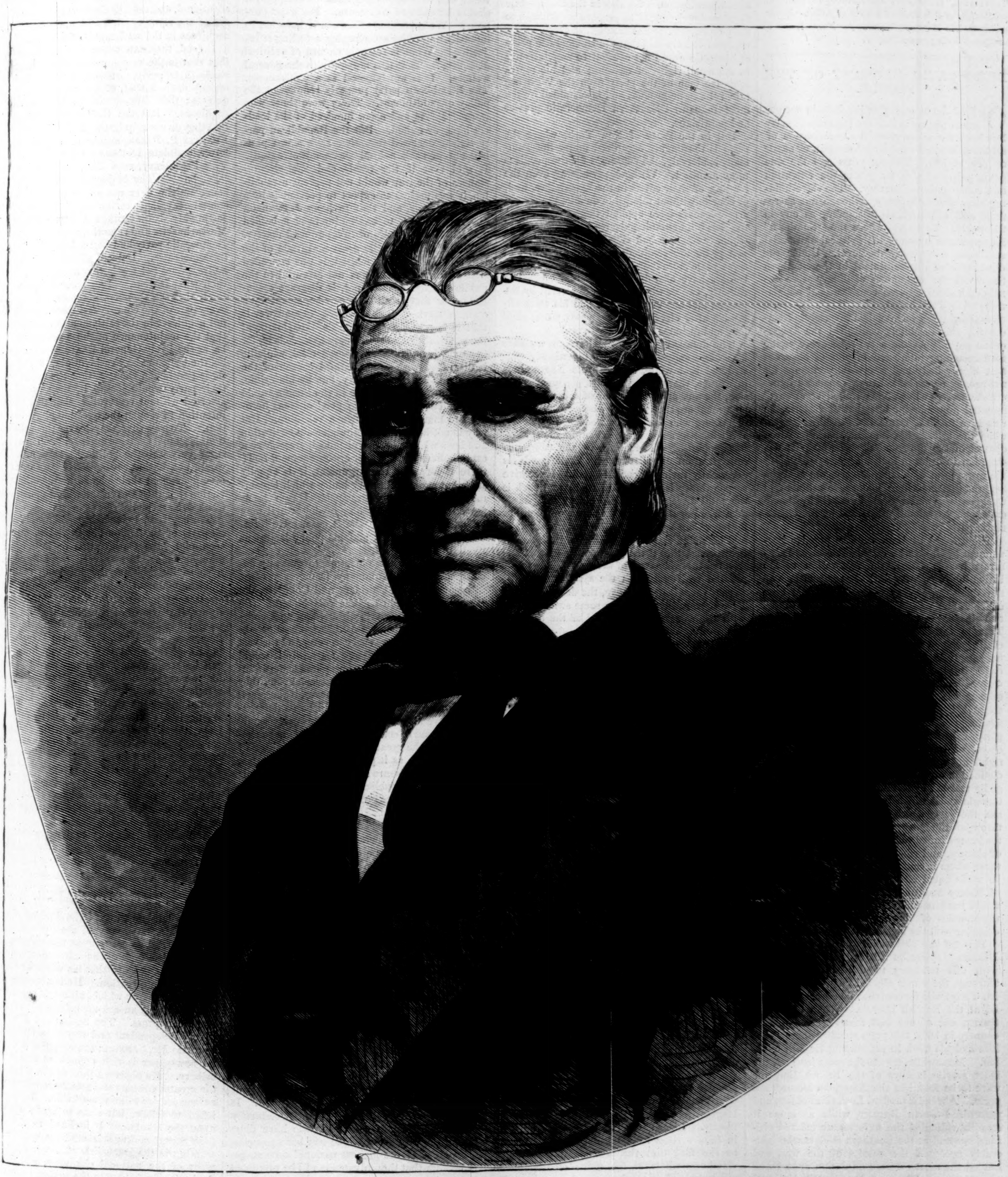


FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILORS' PREACHER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 6, 1871.

☞ *A striking feature in the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is a carefully drawn two-page*

PICTORIAL MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY,

which will be of great interest and value to those who are moving into the Country, and to Excursionists, as it gives all the Towns and Villages within a radius of Eighteen Miles around New York, and all the Railroad and Water Communications with them. A short serial story, entitled "Todhunters' at Loanin' Head," *is commenced; and a powerful story entitled* "The Child-Stealer," *a chapter of the* "Memories of Distinguished Authors," *a humorous illustration called* "The Modern Ark," *and a number of Sketches and Poems combine to make a* Supplement *of unsurpassed variety and interest.*

☞ Charles Reade's *new Story,* "A Terrible Temptation," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* Harper's Weekly *for March 1, and is continued in the present Number.*

DEMOCRATIC DISTRUST OF THE PEOPLE.

ONE of the most suggestive facts in our political history is that the Democratic party has been for many years the organization of all the aristocratic and anti-American elements of our society. Twenty years ago the sole great policy of that party was the extension and confirmation of slavery. The slave-holding class was as haughty, although not as refined and educated, an aristocracy as any in the world. In circles where the "Southern" influence was supreme the political and social sentiment was purely medieval. Under the dominance of this sentiment in the Southern States all the guarantees of liberty were despised, and its express constitutional stipulations were disregarded. Yet this aristocratic class and this sentiment called themselves Democratic, and absolutely controlled the Democratic party. At the same time every young man becoming interested in politics observed that if any body had a cynical contempt for the people, or disdained their capacity to govern themselves wisely, and extolled a "strong," paternal government, like that of Austria, he was sure to be a Democrat. And at length, when the aristocratic interest, fearing to lose control of the government, attempted its destruction in order to found a new system upon the worst form of human slavery, the conspiracy was perfected in a Democratic cabinet and Congress, was maintained in the field by Democrats, and was morally sustained by the Democratic party.

The attempt to destroy a free popular government by those who called themselves Democrats having failed, the restoration of the Union followed. Against the protestations of the Democratic party emancipation had been effected, and the disturbed States were full of two classes—the freedmen and the late rebels. True to its aristocratic instinct, the Democratic party struggled to retain all that could be saved of slavery, and established black codes, introducing among freemen a system of caste. The mischiefs were evident, and the scheme was defeated. Equal civil rights were secured by the equal ballot, and this also against the most strenuous hostility of the party called Democratic. Throughout the epoch of reconstruction the policy of equal rights among American citizens, which is the distinction of the American system, was doggedly resisted by the anti-American and aristocratic spirit which inspired the Democrats; and the party which had attempted the overthrow of the government because its lawful tendency seemed to be adverse to the extension of slavery, and which sullenly demanded that those whom it could not keep slaves should not be made equal citizens, denounced the party of liberty and union as despotic, because it would not immediately deliver the freedmen to the mercies of those whose hands were yet dripping with the blood of loyal citizens.

It is not less observable that the tone of the Democratic press, as it is called, is in harmony with this tendency to distrust the people. Through the war it alluded gently to the British Tories who favored the rebellion, and sneered at the English liberals. When Goldwin Smith, one of our best friends, came to this country in 1864, this press steadily depreciated him and his work in influencing English opinion. Meanwhile, true to the same instinct, the most servile lackeys of the French Emperor were to be found in the American Democratic press. Abroad it toadied Louis Napoleon and patronized John Bright, while at home it steadily ridiculed the unfortunate colored citizens, sneered at the Southern leaders who honorably accepted the results of the war, and heaped the most fulsome adulation upon those who did not. The first Democratic National Convention after the war was controlled by the same old spirit of hatred of equal popular rights. Even the earthquake had not shaken off the dominance of the slave-holding aristocracy. So abject had been the submission of the party to a spirit utterly antagonistic to American principles that it was helpless in the grasp of Wade Hampton and his Southern friends, and the Democratic party, therefore, went into the last Presidential election, as it had entered upon the elections of a generation, as the party of hostility to equal rights and aristocratic distrust of the people.

The latest illustrations of this spirit are not less significant. Among the most striking is the alliance of the Democratic party with the most despotic and reactionary school of the Roman Catholic Church. That Church has a clearly defined political policy in this country, which is fatal to the permanence of a free popular system, and of that policy the Democratic party is the supple servant. So fearful is it of offending that Church that the Democratic press is either silent upon the political regeneration of Italy or sneers at it, while it is forced by the same fear to fawn upon the Church by depreciating the importance of Dr. Döllinger's excommunication. So also in the Democratic Congressional caucus to prepare an address to the people, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, is reported to have said that the Democratic party of his State would not consent to acquiescence in the equal rights of citizens; and the representative man of the party from the West has taken the same ground, and is sustained by the most influential Southern Democratic presses and politicians.

But in the State of New York, where the party is thoroughly organized under the Tammany leadership, the contempt for the people is most manifest. Without permitting even the reading of their edicts in the Legislature, and, of course, without tolerating debate, the Democratic leaders have applied the usurpation of the Erie bill to municipal government. Officers whom the people had elected for a year or for two years are retained in office for two and three years more than their elected term! The leaders have also decreed that four officers in the city, two of whom only were elected by the people, and one of whom has had his term extended after election for two years more, shall levy and disburse all the city taxes!

The details of this imperial system we have heretofore exposed. It is so ingeniously constructed that while, as in Louis Napoleon's in France, there is the form of a popular election, the authority and terms of subsequent appointment are such that the whole power resides in officers who are not elected by the people, and whose terms are more than double that of the appointing officer, who, by the enormous concentration of patronage in their hands, is necessarily their puppet and tool. Executive responsibility is thus annihilated; and such is the total disregard of the ordinary safeguards of a free popular system in a party which has for more than a generation despised equal rights, and defended slavery as the foundation of free institutions, that if the Democratic leaders had decided that the terms of the appointed—which are the real—offices in the system should be twenty years instead of five, the decision would have been ratified with the same swiftness and with the same utter disregard of the ordinary forms of legislation.

In presence of such facts party heat is impertinent. The question is of the practicability and permanence of American institutions. Here is a party which has always opposed equal liberty, which instinctively affiliates abroad with the most absolute and reactionary policy, which at home is the ally of the Roman Church in its assault upon the public school system, which includes the Ku-Klux and every enemy of the Union, and which now, in the State of New York, strikes with the Erie bill at the right of property holders to elect their agents, and by its amended charter abolishes popular government in the city. This party is strong, rich, organized, unscrupulous. It is the servant of the combined capital of enormous corporations, and its corrupt methods are so notorious that of themselves they justly excite anxiety for the future of the country. It is supported by ignorance, by class jealousy, by hatred of race, by disaffection to the government. Is this a party which can safely obtain control of the national administration?

It is a patriotic, not a party question. It appeals to every intelligent Democrat, and it appeals especially to those Republicans who, in presence of such a peril, ardently engage in the quarrel of their party in New York. It appeals no less to the Republicans of Ohio and of Missouri who seek to raise the party standard—an effort in which we cordially sympathize—that they do it in a manner that will strengthen our own party, and not the enemy. It appeals to the American faith in the people and in free popular institutions, that it shall defeat those who distrust and despise both, and who are leagued fast with the foes of intelligence and liberty. Indeed, the only doubt of the issue in 1872 springs from indifference or blindness to the fact that the paramount question is whether—whatever the faults of Republican measures and men—the party that we have described, whatever its professions may be, can safely be intrusted with the government.

THE POLICY OF AMNESTY.

The argument for amnesty seems to be misunderstood by some of the best Republicans. Thus we see it said that it would be regarded as a confession of wrong-doing, and the concession of a right we could no longer refuse. But do those who say this mean to make disability perpetual? If they do, they mean to perpetuate a situation which will forever excite the utmost ill feeling among neighbors and fellow-citizens—a state of society which history and knowledge of human nature alike condemn. If they do not mean to make it perpetual, then an amnesty would be called a confession and a concession whenever it was granted. It is undoubtedly a concession, because it is giving something which is withheld; but the question is only whether it is a wise concession; and that can be determined only by consideration of the circumstances.

Then it is alleged that no rebel has been hung or exiled, and that confiscation ceased with the war; that the vast majority of the late rebels can hold offfce, and that all of them can vote; and that one slight mark of disapproval should be suffered to remain. For what purpose? What possible effect can it have but to intensify hatred by encouraging a feeling of injustice? What is the sole excuse of political disability? That it is necessary to the general welfare. It is not imposed as a punishment. The Republican party properly renounced the policy of punishment. There were those who wanted Davis and a few hundred of the leaders hung or exiled. But the Republican party rightly declared that after such a war punishment of such a kind was vindictive folly. It said that if the result and the circumstances of the war would not prevent a rebellion, it was useless to expect to prevent it by a row of gibbets, and that to hang Jefferson Davis would be to exalt him from a baffled and impotent conspirator to a powerful martyr.

When, therefore, the great multitude of the late rebels were enfranchised, it was conceded that disfranchisement was not essential to the public welfare. But if not, is disgrace essential?—for that is all that can be meant by a "slight mark of disapproval." The answer is that it is not a disgrace. To the Democrat the political disability of Jefferson Davis, for instance, is an honor and a credential, while he is disgraced with every faithful citizen of the Union not by his disability, but by his crime. It is said that his presence in the Senate would be poor encouragement to good citizens hereafter to march to put down a rebellion. But why is not his living at all under a constitution and laws which define and punish treason as a capital offense just as poor encouragement? If there is force in the argument, it is equally stringent against the very lenity which is commended as noble. Jefferson Davis is as powerful to-day in his home, wherever it may be, as he would be in the Senate. He influences as many votes, and his policy is just as likely to be sustained.

The same earnest objectors to amnesty declare that if the Tammany Democracy came into power with a President and Congress, the "lost cause" would become very hopeful. So we believe. But how is withholding an amnesty to obviate such a result, if, as the same objectors assert, every rebel can vote, and the vast majority can hold office? Certainly it would then give them no more votes; and as for influence, the disabled are more powerful than they would be if amnestied. Moreover, if the result of Tammany ascendency would be so deplorable—as we also believe—and if amnesty would not only tend to conciliation, which is not criminal, but to the greater unity and enthusiasm of our own party, as it plainly would, why despise it as a party measure? If amnesty would probably help the Republicans, does any Republican oppose it upon that ground? And is it not evident that it is much more desirable for the country that it should be the work of Republicans than of Democrats?

But when the same objectors declare that to demand amnesty is to imitate the dough-faces of an older day, who were always asking concessions and compromises to "gain the good-will of the South," they seem strangely to forget. Those concessions were a surrender to the slave power. They surrendered liberty and national honor and morality and humanity. But what is surrendered by amnesty? Is it the power to harm liberty or humanity? Not at all. That discretion was given when we gave the vote. Is it the power to injure the Union? Not at all, and for the same reason. What, then, does amnesty say? It says merely that we have no wish to retain the shadow when we have yielded the substance. It says that, as we did not think it necessary to the national welfare to punish all who had been rebels, we will not attempt to discriminate a guilt which we can by no possibility determine. It says that we Republicans, whose wise clemency is without parallel in history, who have done nothing in settlement of the war but upon considerations of the highest national advantage, now think that that advantage will be promoted by removing even the appearance of grievance. Those who see in the conferring of equal rights upon the people of the late rebel States a similarity to the old policy of conniving at the deprivation of those rights, are statesmen whom it would be hardly wise to follow.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC GUN FOR 1872.

The address of the Democrats in Congress to their party is a singularly feeble and pointless performance. It denounces the Administration, of course. It denounces the Republicans, of course. It declares that radicalism is ruining the country, of course. But upon the one important point in which the country is interested it is silent. Does the Democratic party accept the amendments with their consequences? If it does not, it can have no hope of electing a President. If it does, let it say so. And that is precisely what it does not say. That is precisely what this address avoids. It arraigns the Republicans. It begs its Southern wing to be quiet. But the representatives of the party which connived at the rebellion, and whose last National Convention declared the amendments and reconstruction to be revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void, decline to say whether they are of the same opinion still, and whether they acquiesce in the settlements of the war.

Indeed, they can not say so, for they know that that is the very question which internally rends their party. Some of their Northern organs declare that, of course, they must acquiesce; that they would be tomfools not to acquiesce. But the Southern leaders retort that they do not acquiesce; while Major-General Francis P. Blair, author of the Brodhead letter, and late Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, rubs his hands and shouts, "St', boy!" The Major-General is from Missouri, and he does not object to what is there sometimes called a scrimmage. Meanwhile the jesting Mr. John Quincy Adams looks on from Massachusetts and remarks, pleasantly, that the Democratic party had better begin by trying to be democratic. Indeed, what this Democratic address does not say is very much more forcible than what it does. Its silence shows conclusively that the Democratic representatives from every part of the country feel that the party does not acquiesce in the settlements of the war, and that the maintenance of those settlements will be, as the lively General Blair says it ought to be, the issue of the Presidential campaign. If these gentlemen thought that the sentiment of their party would justify it, they would have asserted without reservation that there was no intention to reopen the question of reconstruction. To say that they leave the subject to their National Convention is folly. They understand very well the political situation. They would not hesitate to speak if they were sure of support, and their silence betrays their conviction that the Convention will at most avoid a frank declaration.

The address, indeed, begs fellow-citizens in all parts of the Union not to violate any right secured by the Constitution or by any of its amendments. But it very carefully refrains from saying whether the Fifteenth really is a valid amendment. And why should a Democratic body appeal to its friends not to violate rights, if it were not conscious that its friends were somewhere violating rights? Then the gentlemen say—and Mr. Fernando Wood heads the list of representatives—that no indignation can be stern enough and no scorn too severe for the assertion that the Democratic party sympathizes with the deprivation of any body's rights under the Constitution. But whether voting is a right of colored citizens under the Constitution, which is the main question, they carefully omit to state. The Democratic party, as such, has not indeed declared for the Ku-Klux; but the Ku-Klux is composed of Democrats, and its crimes are pooh-poohed and denied by Democrats; and whenever there is a prospect of Democratic success the Ku-Klux outrages are doubled.

Indeed, it is not easy to fancy a more contemptibly feeble manifesto than that with which the Democratic campaign is opened.

THE NEWSPAPER.

At a late meeting of the Radical Club in Boston Mr. Sanborn, of the Springfield *Republican*, read an essay upon newspapers. Mr. Sanborn is a man of such shrewdness, cultivation, and experience that his words are worthy of very close attention. He is also one of the editors of a paper which, although published in a rural city, is an acknowledged power in the American press. The Springfield *Republican* is very independent and very able, and well illustrates Mr. Sanborn's remark that a successful newspaper is rich enough to live without bribery. He observes that within a few years the greater courage and greater resources of the newspaper are alike remarkable. It is not satisfied to follow, but aims to lead; although, upon the whole, he is inclined to think that high moral courage is still the quality most wanting in the journalist. That, indeed, is the want of the national character, and, without doubt, is greatly due to the national respect for a majority, which was a tendency and influence remarked by De Tocqueville.

Mr. Sanborn remarks also the besetting sin of conceit in journalism: and this is certainly its most comical foible. When the loiterer in the street observes upon a sign, "The cheapest dinner in the city," or "Coats positively given away," or "A ten-dollar hat for two shillings," he is not persuaded that they are the best of their kind, although the excellent merchants who wish to sell the dinners, coats, and hats vociferously assert it. The reader of the newspaper is no less amused and no more convinced when he reads in every journal that it is the most interesting, enterprising, trustworthy, and valuable paper in the world. The man who proclaims his own superiority is not believed any more because he is an editor, and shouts his own praises in his own paper. And the newspaper of the largest circulation in the country owes nothing of its prosperity to its asseverations of its excellence, but to the excellence itself. Of course it must advertise itself every where; but the constant assertion that it is better is not advertising, while incessant advertising in every form would never make a dull, newsless paper successful.

If the newspaper of to-day is very much superior to that of forty years ago, so is the reader. The influence is reciprocal. There is a rapidly growing class of independent thinkers in this country. The commanding interests of the time, the character of the political questions that present themselves, the intellectual leaven of the great German immigration, promote an unprecedented intellectual activity; and as time is very precious, this activity must find scope rapidly and concisely. Consequently, with the marvelous increase of the facilities of collecting news, so that the morning paper is an epitome of a day's history of the world, the best and most trained capacity is required to deal with it, and so journalism becomes a learned profession. Then science, travel, moral, social, and political speculation, all irresistibly turn to the newspaper to communicate themselves to the world. But with all the necessary rapidity in the production of a newspaper, its omniscience is not quite perfect, and therefore another of its amusing foibles, which does not escape Mr. Sanborn, is its customary refusal honorably to retract a misstatement. The same newspaper which laughs through a column at the assertion of Papal infallibility will decline to confess itself in error lest the reader should suspect it not to be infallible.

In the discussion that followed the essay of Mr. Sanborn another "newspaper man," Mr. Robinson, or "Warrington," said that he thought the press of to-day followed the people more than it did thirty years ago, instead of leading them; and he supposed that it must have less influence than formerly, because the city of New York persistently grows worse, while most of its newspapers are upon the right side. But the explanation of that fact is the disproportionate increase of the population of New York from the worst elements of foreign immigration. The increase is of that class which is not reached by the newspaper, and is the precise material which the imperialism that now governs the city requires. The better portion of the population of New York is constantly retreating for residence into the neighborhood, and its place is supplied by those who do not read newspapers. It is the consciousness of this fact, and consequently of the hopelessness of appeals to reason, which plunges so many good citizens into despair of any reform --a feeling which is not relieved by seeing how many of what are called good newspapers yield to the blandishments, the bribes, the threats, or the sophisms of the empire. Yet it is undeniably true that great public questions were never discussed in the New York press with such courage and ability as at the present time.

Meanwhile a little more independence in the party press would be of the greatest national service. Every editor of decided convictions sympathizes with one of the great parties, and believes that its ascendency is essential to the public welfare. We venture to think that his view is generally broader and more impersonal, consequently more sagacious, than that of a member of Congress. Moreover, the editor is the spokesman of the people among the people. But the natural desire for party harmony leads him to follow meekly and approve the action of his party in Congress. Let him rather seek to guide it. Let him make himself heard and heeded. Let him honorably dispute with Congress the leadership of the country.

"SEX IN POLITICS."

The *Nation*, in discussing the question of sex in politics, says that the influence of the difference of sex upon every field of human activity seems to have been forgotten by those who would admit women to political equality; and it asserts that to admit them upon any argument which has yet been made public would be stupendous folly. The difficulty of knowing the future is, it must be admitted, very evident. It is certainly not easy to say precisely what the effect of the admission of women to political power would be. But it is perfectly easy to see that the particular effect suggested by the *Nation*, and which it deprecates, is due to their exclusion from politics. It says, very truly, that the passion arising from difference of sex is one of the most tremendous of all the social forces. But it is curious that so acute an observer does not remark that its influence is much more menacing under the present system than it would be under the reform. The *Nation* quotes the case of Miss Vinnie Ream, whom Congress commissioned to make a statue of President Lincoln; and it says, doubtless truly, that the work was given to her because of her curling hair and soft voice and bright eyes. Now suppose, it says, that this kind of influence is organized and brought to bear upon general legislation, where shall we be?

But take the very case of Miss Vinnie Ream. If Congress had been composed of both sexes equally, that young woman would not have obtained the commission merely because of a pretty face and curling hair. If these were the influences which decided the question, it was because there were men only in Congress. Miss Vinnie Ream's charms and the subtile influence of sex would have been powerless upon other women. Indeed, the way to put an end to this kind of influence in legislation is to admit women to the Legislature. If, as the *Nation* says, in the case of Miss Ream, "legislators did what legislators have done a thousand times before—made asses of themselves under the influence of what are called 'female charms,'" it may be very sure that women would not have done so.

The *Nation* conducts the argument upon probabilities. It supposes every State capital to be a stage for female Tweeds and Irvings to push their fortunes, and again asks, where should we be? It would doubtless be a sad state of things, as it is now; but the probability is just the other way. The probability is that politics would be purified, just as the presence of women at public dinners diminishes drunkenness and foul conversation. The *Nation* said, in another article, that in discussions upon this subject we must consider women as we know them, not as a vague, elusive ideal called woman, but as human beings, often weak, vain, impulsive, ill educated. That is true; but, again, it is no less true that women, like men, have a certain collective character and distinctive influence. Thus, since women began to be educated very much like men, and have become an equal part of the "reading public," literature has lost much of its grossness. Unquestionably one of the chief reasons of the coarseness of much of our earlier and best literature is that books were written for men. They were the talk of men with men. And if with the mending of morals and manners literature is purer, it is coincident with the growing recognition of the equal rights of women.

Plainly, if we wish to avoid the illegitimate influence of the "most tremendous of all the social forces," as the *Nation* calls it, we must recognize its present and constant activity, and legitimate it as well as we can. And there seems to be no method of doing this with such probable success as by lifting women out of the position of absolute dependence into that of equal responsibility. The world is certainly safer; morality, civilization, human progress, are certainly more secure in the degree that women cease to be the dolls of the harem, and become such companions as Mill apostrophizes in the dedication to his wife. It is easy enough to see possible dangers and disadvantages in the political equalization of all the members of the state; but not so easy as to perceive the sure misfortune of an endless disfranchisement of one sex by the other.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have heretofore referred to an expedition under Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, U.S.A., as among those now fitting out for service in the field; and we now learn that the work is to be prosecuted with the thoroughness that characterizes all the undertakings of the Engineer Department. As already stated, the field in question embraces a large area, and that of a comparatively little known country, south of the Central Pacific Railroad, including portions of southern and southwestern Nevada, southeastern California, southwestern Utah, some of the lower cañons of the Colorado, and extending into eastern and northeastern Arizona, with perhaps some points in New Mexico, and covering an aggregate of about sixty thousand square miles. The primary object of the expedition is, of course, the acquisition of a correct topographical knowledge of the country, and the means of preparing accurate maps, by which military movements can be arranged, and the best positions for settlement determined. The proper sites for military posts will be looked after, and a careful inquiry prosecuted into the character, disposition, and statistics of the Indians inhabiting the country. Of the more purely scientific work of the survey the practical geological and mining resources of the region will receive special attention. The expedition will be accompanied by gentlemen competent to settle these points, and much care will be directed also toward procuring a complete series of the animals and plants; so that, by a combination with the results of the expeditions of Mr. Clarence King, of Captain Sitgreaves, of Lieutenant Ives, of General Parke, and of the Geological Survey of California, together with the more private explorations of Dr. Coues, U.S.A., Dr. Palmer, and others, a satisfactory knowledge of the whole country can be established. Great attention will be given to the astronomical determinations, and a competent photographer will accompany the expedition. This will probably be divided into two parties—one under the direction of Lieutenant Wheeler himself, and the other under that of Lieutenant D. W. Lockwood. We shall await with great interest the result of the operations of this exploration, which, it is thought, may occupy several years for its completion, but which can not fail, year by year, to bring to light much information concerning this interesting but little known portion of our country.

The last number of the "Monograph of the Kingfishers," by Mr. R. B. Sharpe, has lately been published, consisting of a general introduction to the whole subject, and giving an enumeration of all the works referring to this class of birds. This gentleman and Mr. H. E. Dresser are the authors of the new work on the birds of Europe, of which we have already made mention.

At the last session of Congress a resolution was introduced for an appropriation to meet the expense of a joint commission, on the part of the United States and of Great Britain, for marking the northern boundary line from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The necessity for such action is based upon the uncertainty as to the exact limits of the two countries in regions now becoming densely populated. Many years ago the town of Pembina, originally supposed to belong to Great Britain, was found to be actually within the limits of the United States; and another point, at no great distance northward, was fixed upon as the site for a settlement within the British Territory. During the year 1870, however, a commission appointed to determine the line of the 49th parallel of latitude, by a series of solar and lunar observations, ascertained that the actual boundary is 4600 feet north of that hitherto recognized, and that the Hudson Bay Company's post near Pembina has a second time been found to be within the limits of the United States.

Professor Winchell, in a late magazine article upon the climate of Michigan, adduces figures to show that while the July climate of Michigan is cooler than that of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the growing season begins on the western side of the State thirteen days earlier in the spring than it does at Milwaukee, nearly opposite, and continues from five to eight days later in the autumn; a still greater contrast being appreciable if localities in the interior of Wisconsin be selected. The lowest temperature of Grand Haven, Michigan, is 14° higher than that of Milwaukee, the difference, according to Professor Winchell, being all that distinguishes between a fruit-bearing region and one in which fruits fail.

The seventh part of the illustrated work on the butterflies of North America, by Mr. Wm. H. Edwards, has just been published, containing numerous well-engraved and colored plates of butterflies. We are not advised as to the anticipated size of the work, although we presume that as additional species are being continually brought to light, it will require many more parts before the whole is finished.

The April number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* contains a detailed account of Lieutenant Payer's report upon the recent German polar expedition, of which we have already given abstracts. In these articles he renews the expression of his belief in the insular character of Greenland, thinking it to be a congeries of islands rather than a continent having a wide expansion across the region of the pole. In a supplementary number of the same journal is given the official report of the first German polar expedition of 1868, as described by Captain Koldeway, with a preface by Dr. Petermann, a gentleman to whom the recent German movements in the way of polar exploration has been so largely due.

The annual report of Professor Cooke, State Geologist of New Jersey, for 1870, has just been published; and although less in bulk than some of its predecessors, it contains some important information in regard to fertilizers used in the State, the marshes and tracts of land subject to protracted freshets, the soils, the iron and zinc ores, and other miscellaneous topics. The subject of drainage has attracted Professor Cooke's especial attention, on account of the vast tracts of land in the eastern portion of the State now either regularly overflowed at certain periods of the tide, or liable to freshets or inundations. In order more properly to qualify himself for this inquiry, Professor Cooke paid an extended visit to the drained lands of Holland and England, the results of which he presents in his report.

We regret to learn that at the great fire which destroyed the printing-office of Weed, Parsons, & Co. in Albany, a few weeks ago, the edition printed of the Twenty-fourth Report of the New York State Cabinet of Natural History was entirely destroyed. Fortunately a nearly complete copy of the revised proof was saved; so that no serious difficulty will be experienced beyond considerable delay, although the loss to the State in the destruction of fifteen thousand impressions of plates, etc., will be considerable.

Among the most interesting reports published by the late Congress is that by Lieutenant G. C. Doane, of the Yellowstone expedition of 1870. We have heretofore alluded to this exploration, based upon the account of Governor N. P. Langford, of Montana, and we find that the statements of that gentleman are more than substantiated by the account before us. The geysers, mud springs, basins of solid sulphur, the deep cañons, and other wonders of that almost fabulous region, are detailed with much precision; and we presume that the result will be to send a crowd of inquirers into that country.

We have already referred in a previous number of the *Weekly* to the enterprise initiated by some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia for stocking the Delaware River with black bass; and we have since learned that the balance of the fund raised for that purpose is being devoted to the trial as to whether salmon can be raised in the same river, the principal direction of the labor having been given to Mr. Thaddeus Norris, the well-known authority in regard to the fishes of the United States, and an experienced fish culturist. Mr. P. H. Christie, of Dutchess County, New York, was dispatched to the salmon-breeding establishment of Mr. Wilmot, of Newcastle, Ontario County, Canada, where he obtained ten thousand eggs, at a cost of $40 per thousand in gold, transporting them in safety to his hatching and trout-breeding establishment at Clove, and placing them in his troughs, with a loss of only fifty-five eggs while on the journey, which occupied three days.

It is supposed that these eggs will be hatched by the middle of April; and at the proper time it is proposed to transfer the young fish to the Bushkill, a well-known trout stream tributary to the Delaware at Easton, where they will be properly cared for and protected by some public-spirited gentlemen who live in the vicinity. This experiment is one of the utmost interest and importance; as, if successful, it will pave the way for the cultivation of salmon in many rivers in which, perhaps, they never were known before. We shall watch its progress with great interest, and endeavor to keep our readers advised of its successive stages.

The continuation of the exhaustive work of Bronn on the classes and orders of the animal kingdom contains an elaborate memoir upon the anatomy of birds, and several numbers are devoted to the peculiarities of the muscular structure alone.

At the meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History for March 1, the principal communication was one by Mr. George Sceva, in which attention was called to the fact of the shortness of the upper jaws in the skulls of the Hindoos, and the frequent absence of the third molar. This generalization was based upon the examination of a number of crania; and it was found that about fifteen per cent. of the whole exhibit this peculiarity, while in an extensive series of skulls of European races only about one per cent. showed the same feature.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, held on the 11th ult., various communications upon a variety of subjects of interest were presented. The most important paper read was one by Colonel Foster upon the subject of artesian wells, in which an account was given of the principal borings that have been attempted in the West, with a statement of their geological relationships, and the depth to which they were carried.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 17.—The Senate appointed a committee of conference on the Ku-Klux bill.—In the House, General Butler introduced a joint resolution to submit to the Joint High Commission the claims of American citizens imprisoned in England for supposed complicity in the Fenian disturbances in Ireland.

April 18.—The conference report on the Ku-Klux bill was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 32 to 16.—The House discussed, without action, the question of reducing taxation.

April 19.—The Senate, in consequence of the action of the House, appointed a new conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill.—The House rejected the report of the conference committee (adopted by the Senate on the 18th), and asked for the appointment of a new committee.

April 20.—The Senate agreed to the report of the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill, and adjourned *sine die*.—The report was also adopted by the House by a vote of 93 to 74. Mr. Butler obtained permission, under a suspension of the rules, to make a personal explanation; and an angry dispute between himself, Mr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Beck ensued, in which the elasticity of parliamentary rules was severely strained. The Speaker's gavel put an end to the scene at two P.M., and the House was declared adjourned *sine die*.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The President, on the 20th of April, signed the Southern Outrages bill, otherwise known as the Ku-Klux bill, and the Deficiency Appropriation bill, with a number of other measures passed during the session of Congress just closed.

The Republicans of Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York, held a meeting on the 22d of April, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing Hon. O. S. Winans as a traitor to the Republican party, and demanding his immediate resignation.

All the New York city bills introduced in the Legislature by the Ring were passed, including the Two Per Cent. bill, the amended charter, the Registry law, the Election law, and the act for the better government of the city, which provides for legalizing the increase of salaries. All these bills were passed by a strict party vote, Mr. Winans voting with the majority on every bill.

On the 13th of April a settlement near Camp Grant, Arizona, was attacked by Indians, and four men killed and one wounded. The savages stole stock, ammunition, and arms. The settlement, although six years old, will probably be abandoned. Ration tickets have been found on the bodies of Indians killed in recent raids.

The track of the Northern Pacific Railroad is laid at the rate of one mile per day. Over 3000 men are employed in the construction of the work.

The coal-mining troubles are not yet at an end. The owners have offered a regular system of weekly wages in place of the old method of paying by the amount mined, but the laborers declined to accede to these terms. They declare in favor of local arbitration, without changing from the old basis of payment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The situation at Paris continues unchanged. The progress of the government forces being very slow, President Thiers explains that he is "temporizing" in order to gather together an overwhelming force, and at the same time allow the Parisians leisure "to reflect." The Parisians, at least the Communists, appear to think they can turn their time to better account in fortifying the streets with barricades for the purpose of resisting to the last. A reign of terror prevails in the city. Houses are daily pillaged, churches sacked, and persons obnoxious to the Communist authorities placed under arrest.

The Arch of Triumph has been greatly injured by the fire of the Versailles troops.

On the 17th of April the Versailles forces attacked the Communists at Asnières, and drove them out, but did not occupy the town. Later in the day it was re-entered by the Communists, and another severe contest took place, in the course of which many houses were destroyed, together with the women and children who had taken refuge in them. The Communists maintained their ground with difficulty.

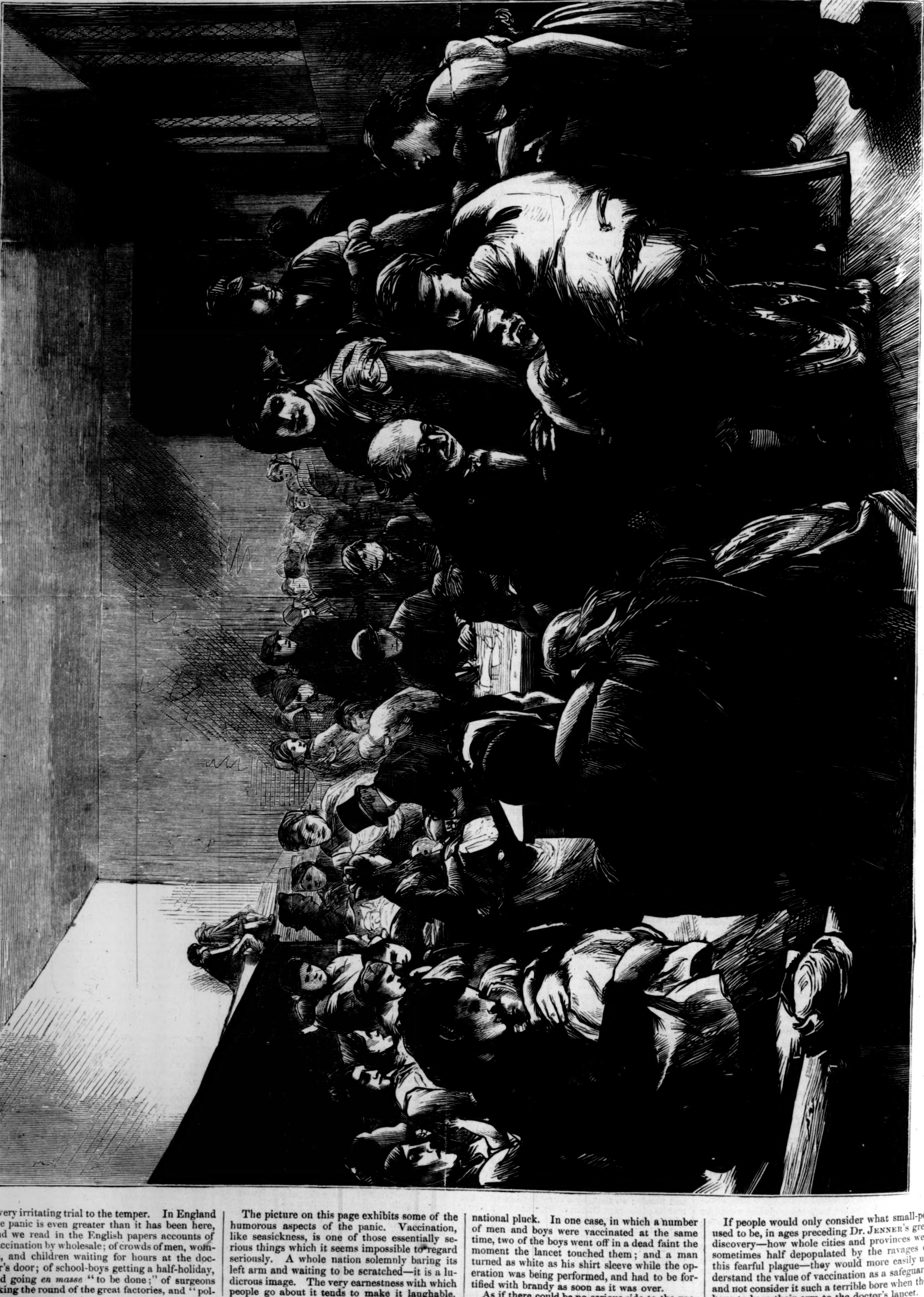
General Cluseret, who has made himself very busy on the Communist side in Paris, is accused of maladministration in the war office and of aspiring to dictatorial powers.

The Czar has peremptorily ordered the Lutheran inhabitants of Livonia to leave, or suffer confiscation of their effects, for the crime of petitioning for annexation of the province to Prussia.

The Sultan of Turkey is sending an iron-clad fleet to cruise in the Black Sea.

VACCINATION.

Both in England and this country there exists a general panic in regard to small-pox, and thousands of people are rushing to their doctors to be revaccinated—happy if "it takes," because they may have escaped great danger; and still happier if it doesn't, because it shows them to be safe, and at the same time relieves them from a very irritating trial to the temper. In England the panic is even greater than it has been here, and we read in the English papers accounts of vaccination by wholesale; of crowds of men, women, and children waiting for hours at the doctor's door; of school-boys getting a half-holiday, and going *en masse* "to be done;" of surgeons taking the round of the great factories, and "polishing off" so many hundreds of workmen in the dinner-hour; of policemen being vaccinated by divisions, and of the extension of the "provisions of the act" to the very inmates of the jails. There has certainly not been within living memory, say the English journals, any thing so nearly approaching a national movement in vaccination as that which has been witnessed there during the past few weeks.



THE DISTRICT VACCINATOR.

The picture on this page exhibits some of the humorous aspects of the panic. Vaccination, like seasickness, is one of those essentially serious things which it seems impossible to regard seriously. A whole nation solemnly baring its left arm and waiting to be scratched—it is a ludicrous image. The very earnestness with which people go about it tends to make it laughable. Look at the calm satisfaction of those who have been submitted to the operation; the gloomy resignation of those who are preparing for it; the shrinking terror of those who are actually under the lancet. What a storm of emotion in a tea-cup of incident! The fear inspired by the operation in perhaps the majority of cases is really disheartening to those who are accustomed to take comfort in certain theories as to the national pluck. In one case, in which a number of men and boys were vaccinated at the same time, two of the boys went off in a dead faint the moment the lancet touched them; and a man turned as white as his shirt sleeve while the operation was being performed, and had to be fortified with brandy as soon as it was over.

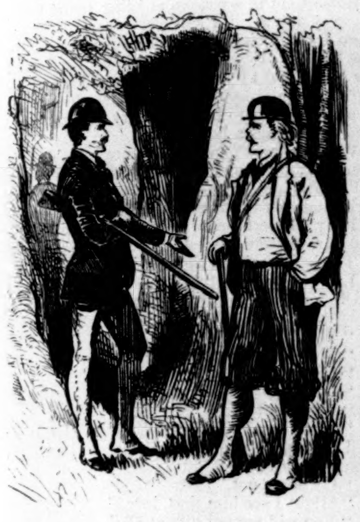
As if there could be no serious side to the vaccination question, the opponents of the remedy, in England, contrive to make themselves ridiculous. They have formed an anti-vaccination league, which imposes a small fine on every member who submits to the operation! The pleas against the process are often quite curious. A will not be vaccinated because he believes it is not good for the body, and B declines because he thinks it is bad for the soul.

If people would only consider what small-pox used to be, in ages preceding Dr. Jenner's great discovery—how whole cities and provinces were sometimes half depopulated by the ravages of this fearful plague—they would more easily understand the value of vaccination as a safeguard, and not consider it such a terrible bore when they have to bare their arm to the doctor's lancet.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"THEY WILL COME TO ME ONE DAY, YOU KNOW."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Generally deliberate crimes are followed by some great punishment; but they are also often attended in their course by briefer chastisements—single strokes from the whip that holds the round dozen in reserve. These precursors of the grand expiation are sharp but kindly lashes, for they tend to whip the man out of the wrong road.

Such a stroke fell on Richard Bassett: he saw Bella Bruce sweep past him, clinging to her husband, and shuddering at himself. For this, then, he had plotted and intrigued and written an anonymous letter. The only woman he had ever loved at all went past him with a look of aversion, and was his enemy's wife, and would soon be the mother of that enemy's children, and blot him forever out of the coveted inheritance.

The man crept home, and sat by his little fireside, crushed. Indeed, from that hour he disappeared, and drank his bitter cup alone.

After a while it transpired in the village that he was very ill. The clergyman went to visit him, but was not admitted. The only person who got to see him was his friend Wheeler, a small but sharp attorney, by whose advice he acted in country matters. This Wheeler was very fond of shooting, and could not get a crack at a pheasant except on Highmore; and that was a bond between him and its proprietor. It was Wheeler who had first told Bassett not to despair of possessing the estates, since they had inserted Sir Charles's heir-at-law in the entail.

This Wheeler found him now so shrunk in body, so pale and haggard in face, and dejected in mind, that he was really shocked, and asked leave to send a doctor from the neighboring town.

"What to do?" said Richard, moodily. "It's my mind; it's not my body. Ah, Wheeler, it is all over. I and mine shall never have Huntercombe now."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Wheeler, almost angrily, "you will have six feet by two of it before long if you go on this way. Was ever such folly! to fret yourself out of this jolly world because you can't get one particular slice of its upper crust. Why, one bit of land is as good as another; and I'll show you how to get land—in this neighborhood, too. Ay, right under Sir Charles's nose."

"Show me that," said Bassett, gloomily and incredulously.

"Leave off moping, then, and I will. I advise the bank, you know, and 'Splatchett's' farm is mortgaged up to the eyes. It is not the only one. I go to the village inns, and pick up all the gossip I hear there."

"How am I to find money to buy land?"

"I'll put you up to that too; but you must leave off moping. Hang it, man, never say die. There are plenty of chances on the cards. Get your color back, and marry a girl with money, and turn that into land. The first thing is to leave off grizzling. Why, you are playing the enemy's game. That can't be right, can it?"

This remark was the first that really roused the sick man.

Wheeler had too few clients to lose one. He now visited Bassett almost daily, and, being himself full of schemes and inventions, he got Bassett, by degrees, out of his lethargy, and he emerged into daylight again; but he looked thin, and yellow as a guinea, and he had turned miser. He kept but one servant, and fed her and himself at Sir Charles Bassett's expense. He wired that gentleman's hares and rabbits in his own hedges. He went out with his gun every sunny afternoon, and shot a brace or two of pheasants, without disturbing the rest; for he took no dog with him to run and yelp, but a little boy, who quietly tapped the hedge-rows and walked the sunny banks and shaws. They never came home empty-handed.

But on those rarer occasions when Sir Charles and his friends beat the Bassett woods Richard was sure to make a large bag; for he was a cool, unerring shot, and flushed the birds in hedgerows, slips of under-wood, etc., to which the fairer sportsmen had driven them.

These birds and the surplus hares he always sold in the market-town, and put the money into a box. The rabbits he ate, and also squirrels, and, above all, young hedgehogs: a gypsy taught him how to cook them, viz., by inclosing them in clay, and baking them in wood embers; then the bristles adhere to the burned clay, and the meat is juicy. He was his own gardener, and vegetables cost him next to nothing.

So he went on through all the winter months, and by the spring his health and strength were restored. Then he turned woodman, cut down every stick of timber in a little wood near his house, and sold it; and then set to work to grub up the roots for fires, and cleared it for tillage. The sum he received for the wood was much more than he expected, and this he made a note of.

He had a strong body, that could work hard all day, a big hate, and a mania for the possession of land. And so he led a truly Spartan life, and every body in the village said he was mad.

While he led this hard life Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were the gayest of the gay. She was the beauty and the bride. Visits and invitations poured in from every part of the country. Sir Charles, flattered by the homage paid to his beloved, made himself younger and less fastidious to indulge her; and the happy pair often drove twelve miles to dinner, and twenty to dine and sleep—an excellent custom in that county, one of whose favorite toasts is worth recording: "May you dine where you please, and sleep where you dine."

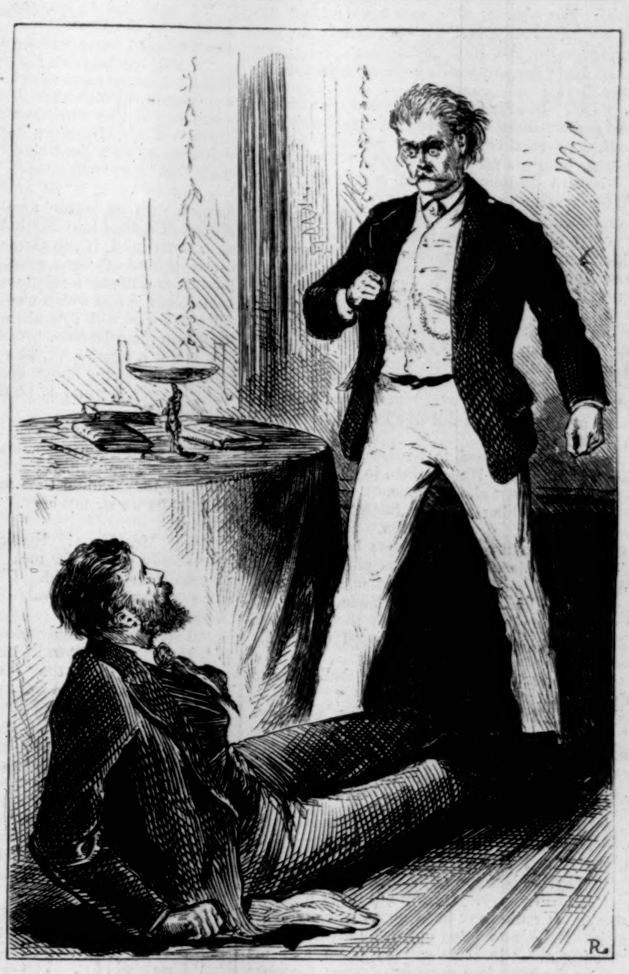
They were at every ball, and gave one or two themselves.

Above all, they enjoyed society in that delightful form which is confined to large houses. They would have numerous and well-assorted visitors staying at the house for a week or so, and all dining at a huge round table. But two o'clock P.M. was the time to see how hosts and guests enjoyed themselves. The hall door of Huntercombe was approached by a flight of stone steps, easy of ascent, and about twenty-four feet wide. At the riding hour the county ladies used to come, one after another, holding up their riding-habits with one hand, and perch about this gigantic flight of steps like peacocks, and chatter like jays, while the servants walked their horses about the gravel esplanade, and the four-in-hand waited a little in the rear. A fine champing of bits and fidgeting of thorough-breds there was, till all were ready; then the ladies would each put out her little foot, with charming nonchalance, to the nearest gentleman or groom, with a slight preference for the grooms, who were more practiced. The man lifted, the lady sprang at the same time, and into her saddle like a bird—Lady Bassett on a very quiet pony, or in the carriage to please some dowager—and away they clattered in high spirits, a regular cavalcade. It was a hunting county, and the ladies rode well; square seat, light hand on the snaffle, the curb reserved for cases of necessity; and, when they had patted the horse on the neck at starting, as all these coaxing creatures must, they rode him with that well-bred ease and unconsciousness of being on a horse which distinguishes ladies who have ridden all their lives from the gawky snobbesses in Hyde Park, who ride, if riding it can be called, with their elbows uncouthly fastened to their sides as if by a rope, their hands at the pit of their stomachs, and both those hands, as heavy as a house-maid's, sawing the poor horse with curb and snaffle at once, while the whole body breathes pretension and affectation, and seems to say, "Look at me; I am on horseback! Be startled at that—as I am! and I have had lessons from a riding-master. He has taught me how a lady should ride"—in his opinion, poor devil.

The champing, the pawing, the mounting, and the clattering of these bright cavalcades, with the music of the women excited by motion, furnished a picture of wealth and gayety and happy country life that cheered the whole neighborhood, and contrasted strangely with the stern Spartan life of him who had persuaded himself he was the rightful owner of Huntercombe Hall.

Sir Charles Bassett was a magistrate, and soon found himself a bad one. One day he made a little mistake, which, owing to his popularity, was very gently handled by the Bench at their weekly meeting; but still Sir Charles was ashamed and mortified. He wrote directly to Oldfield for law books, and that gentleman sent him an excellent selection bound in smooth calf.

Sir Charles now studied three hours every day, except hunting days, when no squire can work; and as his study was his justice-room, he took care to find an authority before he acted. He was naturally humane, and rustic offenders, especially poachers and runaway farm servants, used to think themselves fortunate if they were taken before him, and not before Squire Powys, who was sure to give them the sharp edge of the law. So now Sir Charles was useful as well as ornamental.



"SIR CHARLES KNOCKED WHEELER DOWN IN A MOMENT."

Thus passed fourteen months of happiness, with only one little cloud—there was no sign yet of a son and heir. But let a man be ever so powerful, it is an awkward thing to have a bitter, inveterate enemy at his door watching for a chance. Sir Charles began to realize this in the sixteenth month of his wedded bliss. A small estate called "Splatchett's" lay on his north side, and a marginal strip of this property ran right into a wood of his. This strip was wretched land, and the owner, unable to raise any wheat crop on it, had planted it with larches.

Sir Charles had made him a liberal offer for "Splatchett's" about six years ago; but he had refused point-blank, being then in good circumstances.

Sir Charles now received a hint from one of his own gamekeepers that the old farmer was in a bad way, and talked of selling. So Sir Charles called on him, and asked him if he would sell "Splatchett's" now. "Why, I can't sell it twice," said the old man, testily. "You ha' got it, han't ye?" It turned out that Richard Bassett had been beforehand. The bank had pressed for their money, and threatened foreclosure; then Bassett had stepped in with a good price; and although the conveyance was not signed, a stamped agreement was, and neither vendor nor purchaser could go back. What made it more galling, the proprietor was not aware of the feud between the Bassetts, and had thought to please Sir Charles by selling to one of his name.

Sir Charles Bassett went home seriously vexed. He did not mean to tell his wife; but love's eye read his face, love's arm went round his neck, and love's soft voice and wistful eyes soon coaxed it out of him. "Dear Charles," said she, "never mind. It *is* mortifying; but think how much you have, and how little that wicked man has. Let him have that farm; he has lost his self-respect, and that is worth a great many farms. For my part, I pity the poor wretch. Let him try to annoy you; your wife will try, against him, to make you happy, my own beloved; and I think I may prove as strong as Mr. Bassett," said she, with a look of inspiration.

Her sweet and tender sympathy soon healed so slight a scratch.

But they had not done with "Splatchett's" yet. Just after Christmas Sir Charles invited three gentlemen to beat his more distant preserves. Their guns bellowed in quick succession through the woods, and at last they reached North Wood. Here they expected splendid shooting, as a great many cock pheasants had already been seen running ahead.

But when they got to the end of the wood they found Lawyer Wheeler standing against a tree just within "Splatchett's" boundary, and one of their own beaters reported that two boys were stationed in the road, each tapping two sticks together to confine the pheasants to that strip of land, on which the low larches and high grass afforded a strong covert.

Sir Charles halted on his side of the boundary.

Then Wheeler told his man to beat, and up got the cock pheasants, one after another. Whenever a pheasant whirred up the man left off beating.

The lawyer knocked down four brace in no time, and those that escaped him and turned back for the wood were brought down by Bassett, firing from the hard road. Only those were spared that flew northward into "Splatchett's." It was a veritable slaughter, planned with judgment, and carried out in a most ungentlemanlike and unsportsmanlike manner.

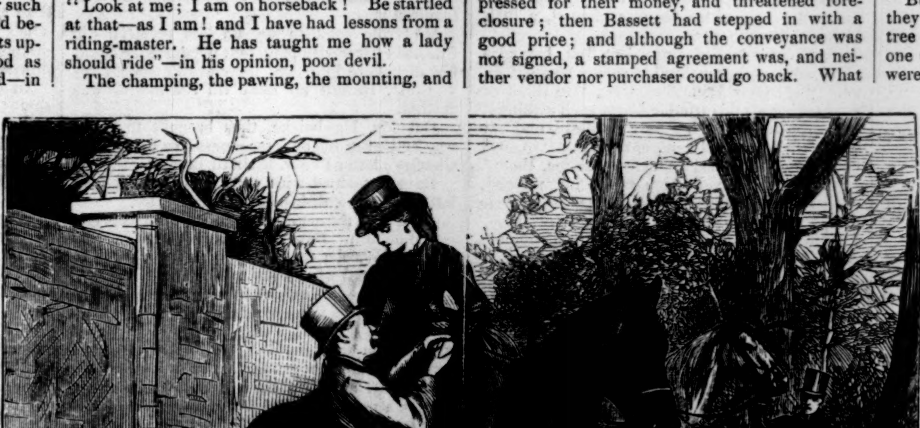
It goaded Sir Charles beyond his patience. After several vain efforts to restrain himself, he shouldered his gun, and, followed by his friends, went bursting through the larches to Richard Bassett.

"Mr. Bassett," said he, "this is most ungentlemanly conduct."

"What is the matter, Sir? Am I on your ground?"

"No, but you are taking a mean advantage of our being out. Who ever heard of a gentleman beating his boundaries the very day a neighbor was out shooting, and filling them with his game?"

"Oh, that is it, is it? When justice is against you you can talk of law, and when law is against you you appeal to justice. Let us be in one story or the other, please. The Huntercombe estates belong to me by birth. You have got them by legal trickery. Keep them while you live. *They will come to me one day, you know.* Meantime, leave me my little estate of 'Splatch-



"HER SUPPLE WRIST WAS ROUND HIS NECK."

ett's. For shame, Sir; you have robbed me of my inheritance and my sweetheart; do you grudge me a few cock pheasants? Why, you have made me so poor they are an object to me now."

"Oh!" said Sir Charles, "if you are stealing my game to keep body and soul together, I pity you. In that case, perhaps you will let my friends help you fill your larder."

Richard Bassett hesitated a moment; but Wheeler, who had drawn near at the sound of the raised voices, made him a signal to assent.

"By all means," said he, adroitly. "Mr. Markham, your father often shot with mine over the Bassett estates. You are welcome to poor little 'Splatchett's.' Keep your men off, Sir Charles; they are noisy bunglers, and do more harm than good. Here, Tom! Bill! beat for the gentlemen. They shall have the sport. I only want the birds."

Sir Charles drew back, and saw pheasant after pheasant thunder and whiz into the air, then collapse at a report, and fall like lead, followed by a shower of feathers.

His friends seemed to be deserting him for Richard Bassett. He left them in charge of his keepers, and went slowly home.

He said nothing to Lady Bassett till night, and then she got it all from him. She was very indignant at many of the things; but as for Sir Charles, all his cousin's arrows glided off that high-minded gentleman, except one, and that quivered in his heart. "Yes, Bella," said he, "he told me he should inherit these estates. That is because we are not blessed with children."

Lady Bassett sighed. "But we shall be some day. Shall we not?"

"God knows," said Sir Charles, gloomily. "I wonder whether there was really any thing unfair done on our side when the entail was cut off?"

"Is that likely, dearest? Why?"

"Heaven seems to be on his side."

"On the side of a wicked man?"

"But he may be the father of innocent children."

"Why, he is not even married."

"He will marry. He will not throw a chance away. It makes my head dizzy, and my heart sick. Bella, now I can understand two enemies meeting alone in some solitary place, and one killing the other in a moment of rage; for when this scoundrel insulted me I remembered his anonymous letter, and all his relentless malice. Bella, I could have raised my gun and shot him like a weasel."

Lady Bassett screamed faintly, and flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Charles, pray to God against such thoughts. You shall never go near that man again. Don't think of our one disappointment: think of all the blessings we enjoy. Never mind that wretched man's hate. Think of your wife's love. Have I not more power to make you happy than he has to afflict you, my adored?" These sweet words were accompanied by a wife's divine caresses, with the honey of her voice, and the liquid sunshine of her loving eyes. Sir Charles slept peacefully that night, and forgot his one grief and his one enemy for a time.

Not so Lady Bassett. She lay awake all night and thought deeply of Richard Bassett and "his unrelenting, impenitent malice." Women of her fine fibre, when they think long and earnestly on one thing, have often divinations. The dark Future seems to be lit a moment at a time by flashes of lightning, and they discern the indistinct forms of events to come. And so it was with Lady Bassett: in the stilly night a terror of the future and of Richard Bassett crept over her—a terror disproportioned to his past acts and apparent power. Perhaps she was oppressed by having an enemy—she, who was born to be loved. At all events, she was full of feminine divinations and forebodings, and saw, by flashes, many a poisoned arrow fly from that quiver and strike the beloved breast. It had already discharged one that had parted them for a time, and nearly killed Sir Charles.

Daylight cleared away much of this dark terror, but left a sober dread and a strange resolution. This timid creature, stimulated by love, determined to watch the foe, and defend her husband with all her little power. All manner of devices passed through her head, but were rejected, because, if Love said "Do wonders," Timidity said "Do nothing that you have not seen other wives do." So she remained, scheming, and longing, and fearing, and passive, all day. But the next day she conceived a vague idea, and, all in a heat, rang for her maid. While the maid was coming she fell to blushing at her own boldness, and, just as the maid opened the door, her thermometer fell so low that—she sent her up stairs for a piece of work. Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!

Just before luncheon she chanced to look through a window, and to see the head gamekeeper crossing the park, and coming to the house. Now this was the very man she wanted to speak to. The sudden temptation surprised her out of her timidity. She rang the bell again, and sent for the man.

That Colossus wondered in his mind, and felt uneasy at an invitation so novel. However, he clattered into the morning-room, in his velveteen coat, and leathern gaiters up to his thigh, pulled his front hair, bobbed his head, and then stood firm in body as was he of Rhodes, but in mind much abashed at finding himself in her ladyship's presence.

The lady, however, did not prove so very terrible. "May I inquire your name, Sir?" said she, very respectfully.

"Moses Moss, my lady."

"Mr. Moss, I wish to ask you a question or two. *May* I?"

"That you may, my lady."

"I want you to explain, if you will be so good, how the proprietor of 'Splatchett's' can shoot all Sir Charles's pheasants."

"Lord! my lady, we ain't come down to that. But he do shoot more than his share, that's sure an' sartain. Well, my lady, if you please, game is just like Christians: it will make for sunny spots. Highmore has got a many of them there, with good cover; so we breeds for him. As for 'Splatchett's,' that don't hurt we, my lady; it is all arable land and dead hedges, with no bottom; only there's one little tongue of it runs into North Wood, and planted with larch; and, if you please, my lady, there is always a kind of coarse grass grows under young larches, and makes a strong cover for game. So, beat North Wood which way you will, them artful old cocks will run ahead of ye, or double back into them larches. And you see Mr. Bassett is not a gentleman, like Sir Charles; he is always a-mouching about, and the biggest poacher in the parish; and so he drops on to 'em out of bounds."

"Is there no way of stopping all this, Sir?"

"We might station a dozen beaters ahead. They would most likely get shot; but I don't think as they'd mind that much if you had set your heart on it, my lady. Dall'd if I would, for one."

"Oh, Mr. Moss! Heaven forbid that any man should be shot for me. No, not for all the pheasants in the world. I'll try and think of some other way. I should like to see the place. *May* I?"

"Yes, my lady, and welcome."

"How shall I get to it, Sir?"

"You can ride to the 'Woodman's Rest,' my lady, and it is scarce a stone's-throw from there; but 'tis baddish traveling for the likes of you."

She appointed an hour, rode with her groom to the public-house, and thence was conducted through bush, through brier, to the place where her husband had been so annoyed.

Moss's comments became very intelligible to her the moment she saw the place. She said very little, however, and rode home.

Next day she blushed high, and asked Sir Charles for a hundred pounds to spend upon herself.

Sir Charles smiled, well pleased, and gave it her, and a kiss into the bargain.

"Ah! but," said she, "that is not all."

"I am glad of it. You spend too little money on yourself—a great deal too little."

"That is a complaint you won't have long to make. I want to cut down a few trees. *May* I?"

"Going to build?"

"Don't ask me. It is for myself."

"That is enough. Cut down every stick on the estate if you like. The barer it leaves us the better."

"Ah, Charles, you promised me not. I shall cut with great discretion, I assure you."

"As you please," said Sir Charles. "If you want to make me happy, deny yourself nothing. Mind, I shall be angry if you do."

Soon after this a gaping quidnunc came to Sir Charles and told him Lady Bassett was felling trees in North Wood.

"And pray who has a better right to fell trees in any wood of mine?"

"But she is building a wall."

"And who has a better right to build a wall?"

With the delicacy of a gentleman he would not go near the place after this till she asked him; and that was not long. She came into his study, all beaming, and invited him to a ride. She took him into North Wood, and showed him her work. Richard Bassett's plantation, hitherto divided from North Wood only by a boundary scarcely visible, was now shut off by a brick wall; on Sir Charles's side of that wall every stick of timber was felled and removed for a distance of fifty yards, and about twenty yards from the wall a belt of larches was planted, a little higher than cabbages.

Sir Charles looked amazed at first, but soon observed how thoroughly his enemy was defeated. "My poor Bella," said he, "to think of your taking all this trouble about such a thing!" He stopped to kiss her very tenderly, and she shone with joy and innocent pride. "And I never thought of this! You astonish me, Bella."

"Ay," said she, in high spirits now; "and, what is more, I have astonished Mr. Moss. He said, 'I wish I had your head-piece, my lady.' I could have told him Love sharpens a woman's wits; but I reserved that little adage for you."

"It is all mighty fine, fair lady, but you have told me a fib. You said it was to be all for yourself, and got a hundred pounds out of me."

"And so it was for myself, you silly thing. Are you not myself? and the part of myself I love the best?" And her supple wrist was round his neck in a moment.

They rode home together, like lovers, and comforted each other.

Richard Bassett, with Wheeler's assistance, had borrowed money on Highmore to buy "Splatchett's;" he now borrowed money on "Splatchett's," and bought Dean's Wood—a wood, with patches of grass, that lay on the east of Sir Charles's boundary. He gave seventeen hundred pounds for it, and sold two thousand pounds' worth of timber off it the first year. This sounds incredible; but, owing to the custom of felling only ripe trees, landed proprietors had no sure clew to the value of all the timber on an acre. Richard Bassett had found this out, and bought Dean's Wood upon the above terms—*i. e.*, the vendor gave him the soil and three hundred pounds gratis. He grubbed the roots and sold them for fuel, and planted larches to catch the overflow of Sir Charles's game. The grass grew beautifully, now the trees were down, and he let it for pasture.

He then, still under Wheeler's advice, came out into the world again, improved his dress, and called on several county families, with a view to marrying money.

Now in the country they do not despise a poor gentleman of good lineage, and Bassett was one of the oldest names in the county; so every door was open to him; and, indeed, his late hermit life had stimulated some curiosity. This he soon turned to sympathy, by telling them that he was proud but poor. Robbed of the vast estates that belonged to him by birth, he had been unwilling to take a lower position. However, Heaven had prospered him; the wrongful heir was childless; he was the heir-at-law, and felt he owed it to the estate, which must return to his line, to assume a little more public importance than he had done.

Wherever he was received he was sure to enlarge upon his wrongs; and he was believed; for he was notoriously the direct heir to Bassett and Huntercombe, but the family arrangement by which his father had been bought out was known only to a few. He readily obtained sympathy, and many persons were disgusted at Sir Charles illiberality in not making him some compensation. To use the homely expression of Govett, a small proprietor, the baronet might as well have given him back one pig out of his own farrow—*i. e.*, one of the many farms comprised in that large estate.

Sir Charles learned that Richard was undermining him in the county, but was too proud to interfere; he told Lady Bassett he should say nothing until some *gentleman* should indorse Mr. Bassett's falsehoods.

One day Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were invited to dine and sleep at Mr. Hardwicke's, distant fifteen miles: they went, and found Richard Bassett dining there, by Mrs. Hardwicke's invitation, who was one of those ninnies that fling guests together with no discrimination.

Richard had expected this to happen sooner or later, so he was comparatively prepared, and bowed stiffly to Sir Charles. Sir Charles stared at him in return. This was observed. People were uncomfortable, especially Mrs. Hardwicke, whose thoughtlessness was to blame for it all.

At a very early hour Sir Charles ordered his carriage, and drove home, instead of staying all night.

Mrs. Hardwicke, being a fool, must make a little more mischief. She blubbered to her husband, and he wrote Sir Charles a remonstrance.

Sir Charles replied that he was the only person aggrieved; Mr. Hardwicke ought not to have invited a blackguard to meet *him*.

Mr. Hardwicke replied that he had never heard a Bassett called a blackguard before, and had seen nothing in Mr. Bassett to justify an epithet so unusual among gentlemen. "And, to be frank with you, Sir Charles," said he, "I think this bitterness against a poor gentleman, whose estates you are so fortunate as to possess, is not consistent with your general character, and is, indeed, unworthy of you."

To this Sir Charles Bassett replied:

"Dear Mr. Hardwicke,—*You have applied some remarks to me which I will endeavor to forget, as they were written in entire ignorance of the truth. But if we are to remain friends, I expect you to believe me when I tell you that Mr. Richard Bassett has never been wronged by me or mine, but has wronged me and Lady Bassett deeply. He is a dishonorable scoundrel, not entitled to be received in society; and if, after this assurance, you receive him, I shall never darken your doors again. So please let me know your decision.*

"*I remain*

"*Yours truly,*

"Charles Dyke Bassett."

Mr. Hardwicke chafed under this; but Prudence stepped in. He was one of the county members, and Sir Charles could command three hundred votes.

He wrote back to say he had received Sir Charles's letter with pain, but, of course, he could not disbelieve him, and therefore he should invite Mr. Bassett no more till the matter was cleared.

But Mr. Hardwicke, thus brought to book, was nettled at his own meanness; so he sent Sir Charles's letter to Mr. Richard Bassett.

Bassett foamed with rage, and wrote a long letter, raving with insults, to Sir Charles.

He was in the act of directing it when Wheeler called on him. Bassett showed him Sir Charles's letter. Wheeler read it.

"Now read what I say to him in reply."

Wheeler read Bassett's letter, threw it into the fire, and kept it there with the poker.

"Lucky I called," said he, dryly. "Saved you a thousand pounds or so. You must not write a letter without me."

"What, am I to sit still and be insulted? You're a pretty friend."

"I am a wise friend. This is a more serious matter than you seem to think."

"Libel?"

"Of course. Why, if Sir Charles had consulted *me*, I could not have dictated a better letter. It closes every chink a defendant in libel can creep out by. Now take your pen and write to Mr. Hardwicke."

"Dear Sir,—*I have received your letter, containing a libel written by Sir Charles Bassett. My reply will be public.*

"*Yours very truly,*

"Richard Bassett."

"Is that all?"

"Every syllable. Now mind; you never go to Hardwicke House again; Sir Charles has got you banished from that house; special damage! There never was a prettier case for a jury—the rightful heir foully slandered by the possessor of his hereditary estates."

This picture excited Bassett, and he walked about raving with malice, and longing for the time when he should stand in the witness-box and denounce his enemy.

"No, no," said Wheeler, "leave that to counsel; you must play the mild victim in the witness-box. Who is the defendant's solicitor? We ought to serve the writ on him at once."

"No, no; serve it on himself."

"What for? Much better proceed like gentlemen."

Bassett got in a passion at being contradicted in every thing. "I tell you," said he, "the more I can irritate and exasperate this villain the better. Besides, he slandered me behind my back; and I'll have the writ served upon himself. I'll do every thing I can to take him down. If a man wants to be my lawyer he must enter into my feelings a little."

Wheeler, to whom he was more valuable than ever now, consented somewhat reluctantly, and called at Huntercombe Hall next day with the writ, and sent in his card.

Lady Bassett heard of this, and asked if it was Mr. Bassett's friend.

The butler said he thought it was.

Lady Bassett went to Sir Charles in his study. "Oh, my dear," said she, "here is Mr. Bassett's lawyer."

"Well?"

"Why does he come here?"

"I don't know."

"Don't see him."

"Why not?"

"I am so afraid of Mr. Bassett. He is our evil genius. Let me see this person instead of you. *May* I?"

"Certainly not."

"Might I see him *first*, love?"

"You will not see him at all."

"Charles!"

"No, Bella; I can not have these animals talking to my wife."

"But, dear love, I am so full of forebodings. You know, Charles, I don't often presume to meddle; but I am in torture about this man. If you receive him, may I be with you? Then we shall be two to one."

"No, no," said Sir Charles, testily. Then, seeing her beautiful eyes fill at the refusal and the unusual tone, he relented. "You may be in hearing if you like. Open that door, and sit in the little room."

"Oh, thank you!"

She stepped into the room—a very small sitting-room. She had never been in it before, and while she was examining it, and thinking how she could improve its appearance, Mr. Wheeler was shown into the study. Sir Charles received him standing, to intimate that the interview must be brief. This, and the time he had been kept waiting in the hall, roused Wheeler's bile, and he entered on his subject more brusquely than he had intended.

"Sir Charles Bassett, you wrote a letter to Mr. Hardwicke, reflecting on my client, Mr. Bassett—a most unjustifiable letter."

"Keep your opinion to yourself, Sir. I wrote a letter, calling him what he is."

"No, Sir; that letter is a libel."

"It is the truth."

"It is a malicious libel, Sir; and we shall punish you for it. I hereby serve you with this copy of a writ. Damages, five thousand pounds."

A sigh from the next room passed unnoticed by the men, for their voices were now raised in anger.

"And so that is what you came here for. Why did you not go to my solicitor? You must be as great a blackguard as your client, to serve your paltry writs on me in my own house."

"Not blackguard enough to insult a gentleman in my own house. If you had been civil I might have accommodated matters; but now I'll make you smart—ugh!"

Nothing provokes a high-spirited man more than a menace. Sir Charles, threatened in his wife's hearing, shot out his right arm with surprising force and rapidity, and knocked Wheeler down in a moment.

In came Lady Bassett, with a scream, and saw the attorney lying doubled up, and Sir Charles standing over him, blowing like a grampus with rage and excitement.

But the next moment he staggered and gasped, and she had to support him to a seat. She rang the bell for aid, then kneeled, and took his throbbing temples to her wifely bosom.

Wheeler picked himself up, and, seated on his hams, eyed the pair with concentrated fury.

"Aha! You have hurt yourself more than me. Two suits against you now instead of one."

"Conduct this person from the house," said Lady Bassett to a servant who entered at that moment.

"All right, my lady," said Wheeler; "I'll remind you of that word when this house belongs to us."

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILORS' PREACHER.

Father Taylor, as he was familiarly called, was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1793. In early childhood he was left an orphan, and when quite a youth entered upon a sea-faring life, first as a surgeon's boy in the American navy, and afterward in the navy of Spain, which was then operating in Mexican waters against the French. In our war of 1812 with Great Britain he shipped on board the privateer *Curley*, and was captured by the English and carried a prisoner into Halifax. Here he was found by a poor but Christian widow who had known him in Boston. The pious lady ministered to his wants and gave him a Bible. Returning to Boston, he was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Elijah Hedding, afterward one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Through the kind offices of Amos Binny, a benevolent Boston merchant, he was sent to Newmarket Seminary, New Hampshire. Here he received the only school training of his life. His available talents becoming quickly known, he was pressed into the service of the Church, and joined the New England Conference in 1819. Very judiciously he was sent to labor in the sea-coast towns, where the success of his ministrations was marvelous. Every where the people flocked to hear the sailor-preacher, and hung rapturously upon his impassioned presentations of truth. In 1829 he was placed in charge of the Methodist Seamen's Bethel, of Boston; he had been here but a few years when a commodious place of worship was erected for him by the contributions of Christians of all creeds. In this chapel he prayed and preached and labored for the good of seamen to the end of his days.

The congregations of Father **Taylor** were, without doubt, the most extraordinary that ever assembled to hear preaching. In the centre, furnished with seats reserved expressly for them, were sailors from every clime, and of every tongue spoken by civilized men. Around them were grouped families of sea-faring people, most of them poor and lowly, but constant attendants upon Father **Taylor**'s ministrations. But in the congregation would always be found representatives of the highest culture—authors, poets, orators, wits, the *élite* of the intellectual world—attracted and fascinated by the imagery, humor, and resistless sympathy of Father **Taylor**'s preaching. One of the finest passages in **Dickens**'s "American Notes" is his description of one of **Taylor**'s sermons. Cool and philosophic Miss **Martineau** felt and acknowledged his power to stir the feelings. The wealth of his illustrations was without limit; his hearers were surprised, melted, and taken captive. **James Freeman Clarke** says that Father **Taylor** always reminded him, in the richness of his fancy, of **Jeremy Taylor**, the **Chrysostom** of the old English divines.

Very few of the brilliant passages of Father **Taylor**'s sermons have been recorded; one, however, in which he gives his estimate of creeds, shows, though very imperfectly, his peculiar style:

"Creeds, like **Joseph**'s coat of many colors, are made of patches, no two of them alike, or one of them to-day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed to explain the blunders in their figuring. No man shall make a creed for me; and I'm sure I do not wish to make a creed for any one. My sea-faring friends know as well as myself that a common danger gives men a common creed. A few days since one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes. The sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and every thing movable from her decks, and, to add to the horror of those on board, when the storm moderated she caught fire below. New sails were immediately bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands, while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased instead of diminishing; the pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking; the lower parts of the hold pumps were burned, so that there were no means left to pump the water out. In short, after doing all that men could do to save the ship, they found themselves at their wit's end. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. All work ceased; the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, for she was leaky as well as on fire. He therefore thought it right that they should all unite in prayer, and he advised every one to pray for himself in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other *ism?* No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God. When they rose from the deck a young sailor bounded aloft, and when he reached the royal-mast-head shouted with all his might, 'Sail ho! steering in our wake.' In a moment the ship was hove to, after which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, began to differ, to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon, for the vessel was end on; and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding-sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen, and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig? She was a savior. Was not that enough? She rounded to and saved every soul. Were they grateful? I think they were. But suppose it had been night—for God works at all times and in all weathers—and the poor souls could have seen only her lights rising and falling with every roll of the waves, they would have been just as much given to speculation. Even in the darkness somebody would have thought that he saw something better than his shipmates, and so on probably through the whole ship's company. Sailors as well as landsmen are not willing to take God at His word, and wait patiently for the working out of His ways, but they want to know all about Him right off; and because they can't, then they go to work and make what they think He ought to do, and call it a creed."

In common discourse Father **Taylor** was graphic, witty, and sometimes very sarcastic. At a Unitarian meeting some one had made a lugubrious address about sin. Father **Taylor** remarked that it reminded him of a "beetle-bug rolling his ball of dirt." Being annoyed at a prayer-meeting by persons getting up and going out, he said, "Tide's rising; the bye stuff is floating off." Being asked when leaving a house to make a prayer, he replied, "If there is any thing you wish me to pray for, I will do so; but I can't *make* a prayer." One of his most characteristic sayings was that about **Emerson**, whom he declared to be a Christian without knowing it. "He is a Christian, no matter what he says about it, and will have to go to heaven; for if the devil got him he would never know what to do with him. There seems to me to be a screw loose somewhere, though I never could tell where; for, listen as close as I might, I could never hear any jar in the machinery. He's certainly a Christian, though he knows no more of the principles of Christian doctrine than Balaam's ass knew of the principles of Hebrew grammar." He had a great contempt for metaphysics, and once, referring to a metaphysical disputation, said "it reminded him of being down South in a dark cedar swamp in the night, and the lightning-bugs would snap, snap, snap; and when they were up, you would think you had some light; but when they went down, it was darker than ever." To a minister whom he wished to encourage to labor and to wait he gave the advice "not to carry the seed-basket and the sickle into the field at the same time." Speaking of the worn-out ministers of the Methodist Church, he said "they deserved to be fed on preserved diamonds." His quaintness was very perceptible in his prayers. Many well remember his petition for President **Lincoln**, that the Lord would "protect him from the creatures who were trying to bore their way through the sheathing of his integrity."

The good, saintly old preacher was feeble for some years before his death, yet tenacious of life to the last. Only a few days before the end he said, "I sha'n't die while there is any thing left of me." The Boston papers tell us that he passed away in the first quarter of the ebb-tide, the proper time, according to the sailors, for a natural death. Boston will not soon forget his rugged face, furrowed all through and through, yet beaming with the light of genius; but his memory will be tenderly cherished by sailors all over the world. To them he was, in the strongest sense, *Father* **Taylor**.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The experiment of admitting women to the University at Ann Harbor, Michigan, has been tested in a manner satisfactory to the friends of this measure. At the recent Commencements of the Law and Medical schools, both sexes were recognized in the distribution of degrees. Among the seventy-eight candidates for the degree of "Doctor of Medicine" was Miss Sanford, a lady from Aurora, New York, who ranked as one of the first among the graduates. Miss Killgore, an Indiana lady, who received her diploma as "Bachelor of Laws," has held an honorable place among the students of her class. It was a matter of great regret that the first lady student of the University to whom a part has been assigned was prevented by sickness from appearing on the stage. There are this year 1110 students on the catalogue. The number has not been lessened, nor the standard lowered, by the admission of women to the privileges of the University. And the thirty-four who have availed themselves of these privileges have been uniformly treated with courtesy, and no opposition been made to their progress.

The forty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design seems to be more satisfactory to the criticising public than any previous one in some time. There are about 384 pictures on the walls, the majority of which are really excellent.

An uncompromising slave-holder of Tennessee could not bring his mind to live in the United States after the abolition of slavery. He migrated to Brazil, and became a South American citizen; but, unfortunately for him, became bankrupt, and, in accordance with the laws of that country, his two daughters have been sold into slavery to pay his debts. Such strange recompense is sometimes meted out to men. Steps have been taken to place the amount of the debt—$1200 in gold—in the hands of the father.

Robert Chambers, the celebrated publisher, who recently died in Edinburgh worth about £600,000, began life as a poor boy, entirely dependent upon his own exertions. He laid the foundations of his fortune by opening a small circulating library with a little borrowed money.

One of the most prolific of novel-writers is Louise Mühlbach, who has just laid before the reading public of Germany the one hundred and first volume of her novels.

The New York City Mission, the oldest organization of the kind in the city, makes the following monthly exhibit of its beneficent operations: There are thirty-eight city missionaries constantly employed, who last month reported 8500 missionary visits. There are seven mission chapels in daily—almost constant—use, in which were held 450 meetings of various kinds for the same period; and there are four mission Sabbath-schools, having under instruction and care 1250 children, mostly of the poorest class. There are eight temperance societies, meeting weekly or monthly, and now having 4000 pledged members enrolled. A Helping-Hand Association, conducted by an auxiliary committee of ladies, gives employment and aid to 300 poor women; and sewing schools and mothers' meetings are attended by several hundreds of women and children. There are three mission churches, with an aggregate membership of 300, and two lodging-houses and reading-rooms for men, giving 2000 lodgings and meals, and having 500 readers monthly. The missionaries during the month aided 200 families and 1000 persons, and distributed money, clothing, fuel, food, medicine, etc., with means especially furnished for that purpose by the benevolent.

Among the most singular accidents on record is one which recently occurred in a Massachusetts town. A child, while playing with a spool two or three inches long, holding it in her mouth, fell from the door-way, the fall forcing the spool down her throat far enough to bring the head below the tonsils and roots of the tongue, and so completely wedged it into the mouth as to render it impossible to withdraw it direct without danger of taking the tongue with it. Fortunately the hole in the spool was large enough for the child to breathe through until the arrival of the doctor, who, by splitting the spool, was able to take it out in pieces, thus saving the little one's life.

There is in Washington an establishment for the manufacture of electric bells and clocks—a comparatively new business in this country. Arrangements have been made to secure perfect workmanship, and a patent has been received by the company, so that these convenient appliances will doubtless come into somewhat general use. It is proposed to erect an electric clock tower in a prominent position in Washington.

A hoosier critic compares Nilsson to the "Venice de Medicis!" This is really cruel. How much public characters have to endure at the hands and mouths of the ignorant!

Two seasons of Italian opera are promised to the music lovers of New York. The first, this spring, will be of short duration, Miss Kellogg being the *prima-donna*, with the excellent Havana Opera Troupe to support her. The second season will be in the fall, Miss Nilsson being *prima-donna*, supported by the best talent which can be procured from across the waters.

Newfoundland fishermen have this year taken an extraordinary number of seals. A single steamship bore 28,000 seals into the harbor of St. Johns a few days since, and a second ship followed her to the wharf, when excited inhabitants unloaded from the new-comer 21,500 seals, and saw both vessels trim their rigging for a second voyage to the ice-fields. Eleven smaller vessels from the seal-fisheries arrived still later, bearing an average catch of 21,000, making the first aggregate of the season 231,000; and more than a hundred vessels, each certainly carrying 20,000, are still expected in the harbor.

The Marquis of Lorne has laid himself open to sympathy, not because his young wife is not lovely and lovable, but because, as a commoner, though a duke's son, he is debarred from a certain social equality with his lady bride. At the recent opening of the Albert Hall the poor man was forced to content himself with looking from a distance upon the royal family in the royal box—the Princess Louise being with them—nor could he even join her in the carriage which took her to and from the Hall. It has been suggested, since royal blood is of such paramount importance, that a few drops of the blue blood of the Hanoverian stock be introduced by transfusion into the veins of this fortunate and yet unfortunate Marquis of Lorne.

A Boston paper, after giving a brief sketch of the "champion old woman" of New York State, aged ninety-nine, who has knit eighty pairs of stockings within the past year, besides doing considerable housework, remarks that the only blemish in her character is that she was not the childhood's companion of the father of his country.

Marriage in San Domingo is a somewhat costly business—but where is it not? The banns are published twice on successive Sundays or other *fête* days, and the parties are expected to confess twice, although once will answer. The wedding fees are variously stated at from $8 to $16, which probably does not include the confessions. It is said that much of the immorality of the lower classes springs from the fact that they can not afford to pay the fees, and so dispense with all ceremony. The matrimonial noose is by no means a figure of speech in many sections of San Domingo. The contracting parties are literally joined together by the neck with a stout rope, which the officiating priest ties, as an important part of the ceremony.

The ancestral residence of Bismarck is situated in Schönhausen, in the province of Pomerania, and is a plain three-story building, erected toward the close of the seventeenth century. The front entrance bears the inscription of the Bismarck arms—a clover leaf encircled by three nettle leaves. The tradition is that long ago a great lord, attended by a hundred horsemen, came from the German Ocean to Pomerania to gain the hand of Gertrude, a beautiful princess of the house of Bismarck. She, being already betrothed, refused him. The noble was so enraged that he took the castle by storm, and slew Gertrude's father. Then, exultant, he entered her room, and said: "I come to break you, you golden clover of my heart. You are no nettle, and do not sting; the clover leaf causes no pain;" and boldly embraced the lovely Gertrude, when suddenly he sank to the floor, weltering in his own blood; for the fair princess had stabbed him to the heart with a dagger she had concealed about her person. "Sadly mistaken," said she; "I am a nettle when I will, and can sting. And so do nettles ever sting the one who would break a clover leaf of the Bismarcks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A **Michigan** doctor, who was arrested because his patient died, has been acquitted on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the names of. He put in a plea that he never insured a case when he took it.

"Mother, it is no use: I can never *love* Mr. Sprowler." "Well," said the mother, looking at her with surprise, "that is no reason why you should not marry him."

How to find Steady Employment—Get inside the State prison.

One of Darwin's strongest arguments in favor of his theory that man is a descendant of the monkey is that monkeys always part their hair in the middle. It is a noticeable fact, however, that monkeys have quit it since it has become fashionable among certain men.

"I'll give you the slip," as the gardener said when he promised a friend a cutting.

The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-dress provided;
But ere the wedding-day arrived
She sickened and she die did."

Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds, "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying up."

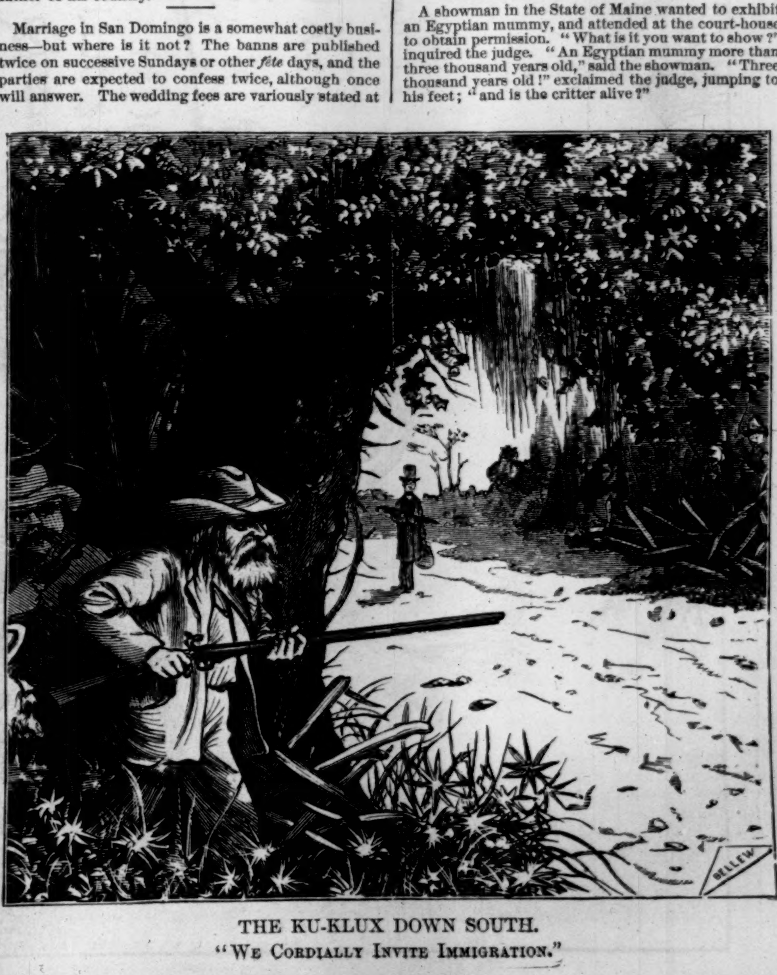
Women's-rights women may yet aspire to positions in the navy; Lot's wife was an old salt, you know.

Among the "wants" in one of the papers is this: "Partial board for a single gentleman; house kept by a widow and daughter; *busses* and cars convenient."

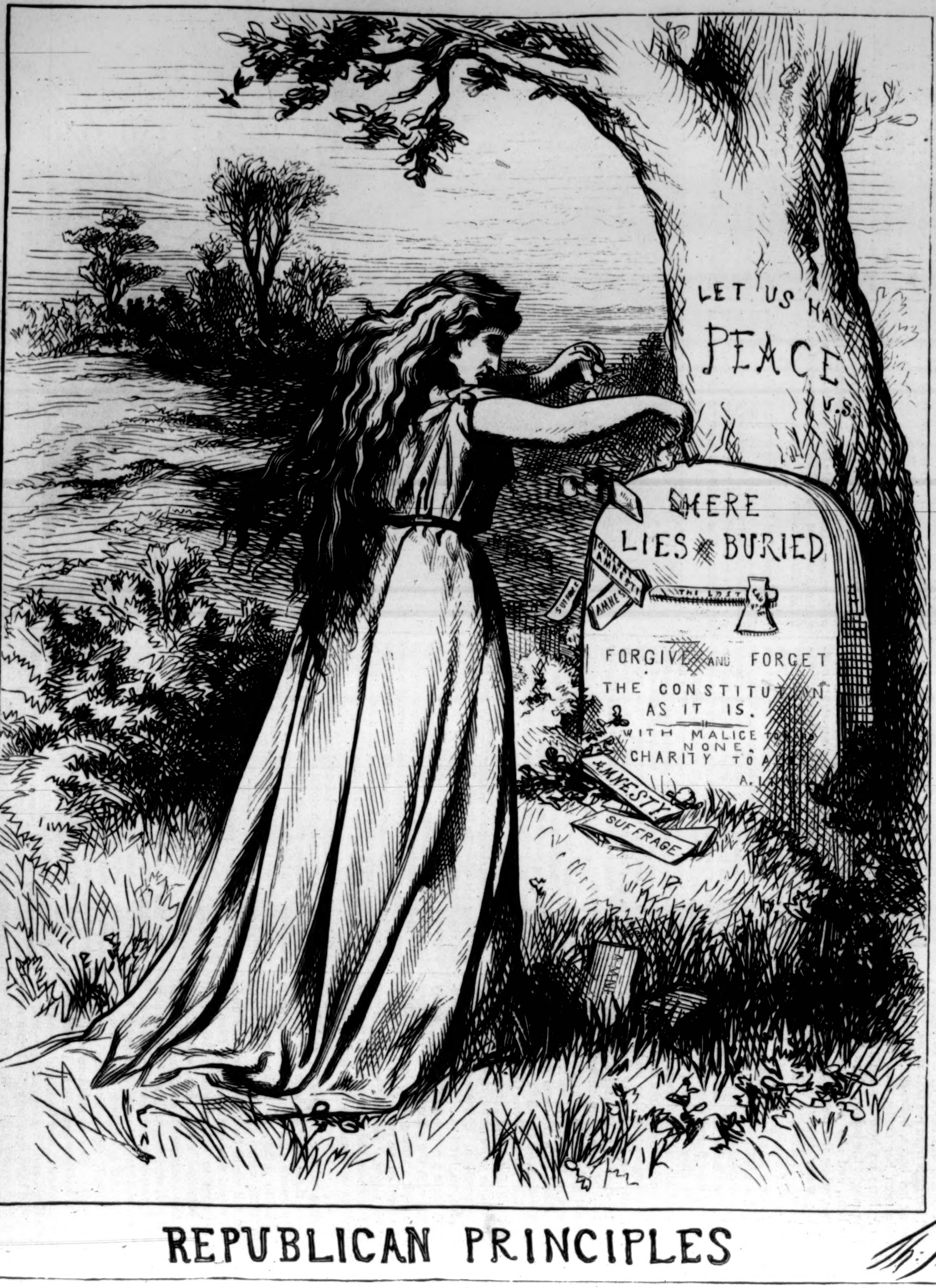
An old negress who was on exhibition in New England as "the oldest living person" rather overdid her part the other day, when asked if she had ever seen George Washington, by saying, "Oh yes; he used to come to where I lived in New Hampshire every year to the Fourth of July celebration, and we always made a heap of him, which was the reason he liked to come."

As illustrating the humorous, Professor Lowell mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since: "Wanted, by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

A showman in the State of Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and attended at the court-house to obtain permission. "What is it you want to show?" inquired the judge. "An Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet; "and is the critter alive?"



THE KU-KLUX DOWN SOUTH.
"We Cordially Invite Immigration."


LET US HAVE PEACE
U.S.
HERE LIES BURIED
GENERAL AMNESTY
AMNESTY
SUFFRAGE
THE LOST CAUSE
FORGIVE AND FORGET
THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS.
WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE. CHARITY TO ALL
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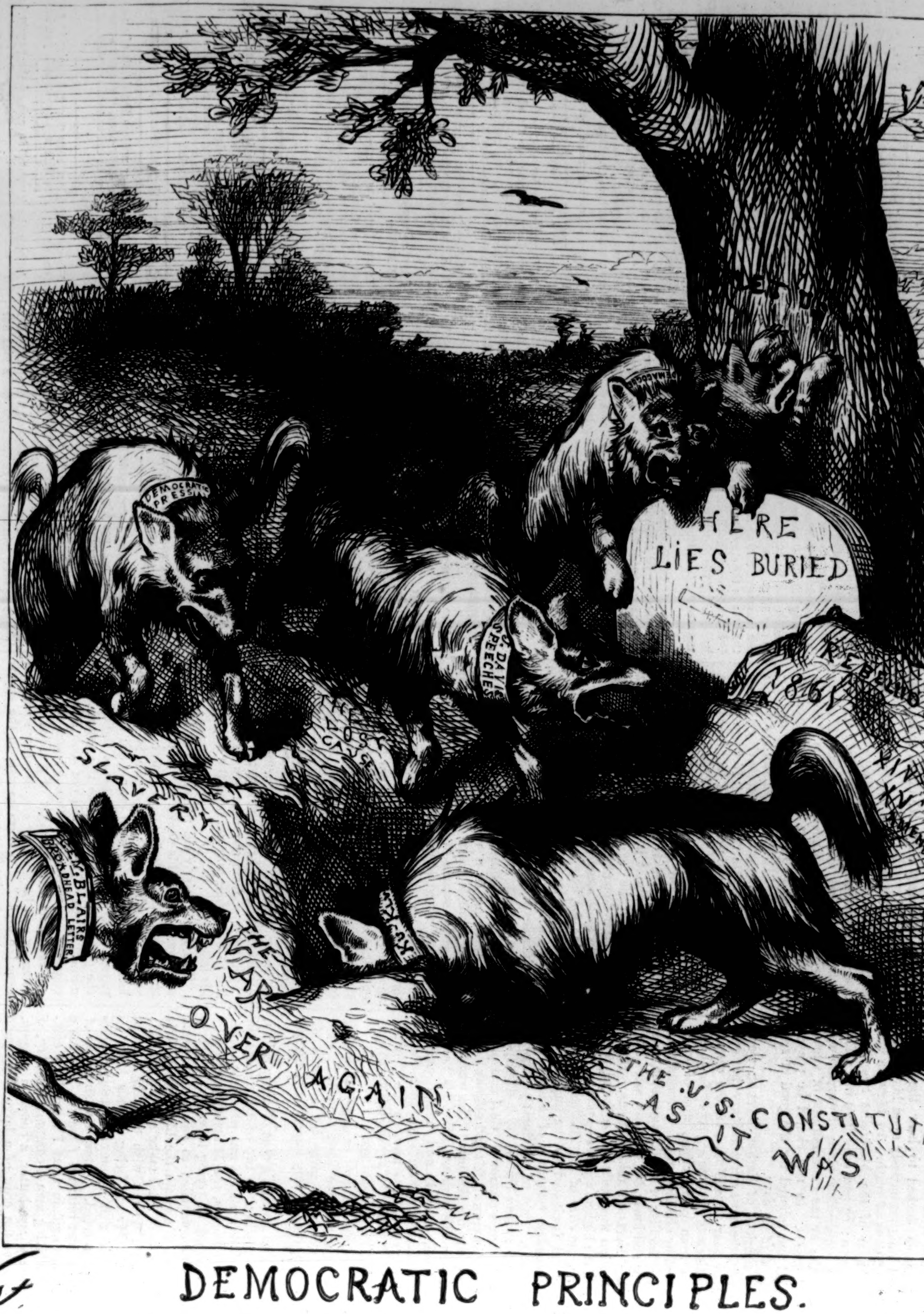
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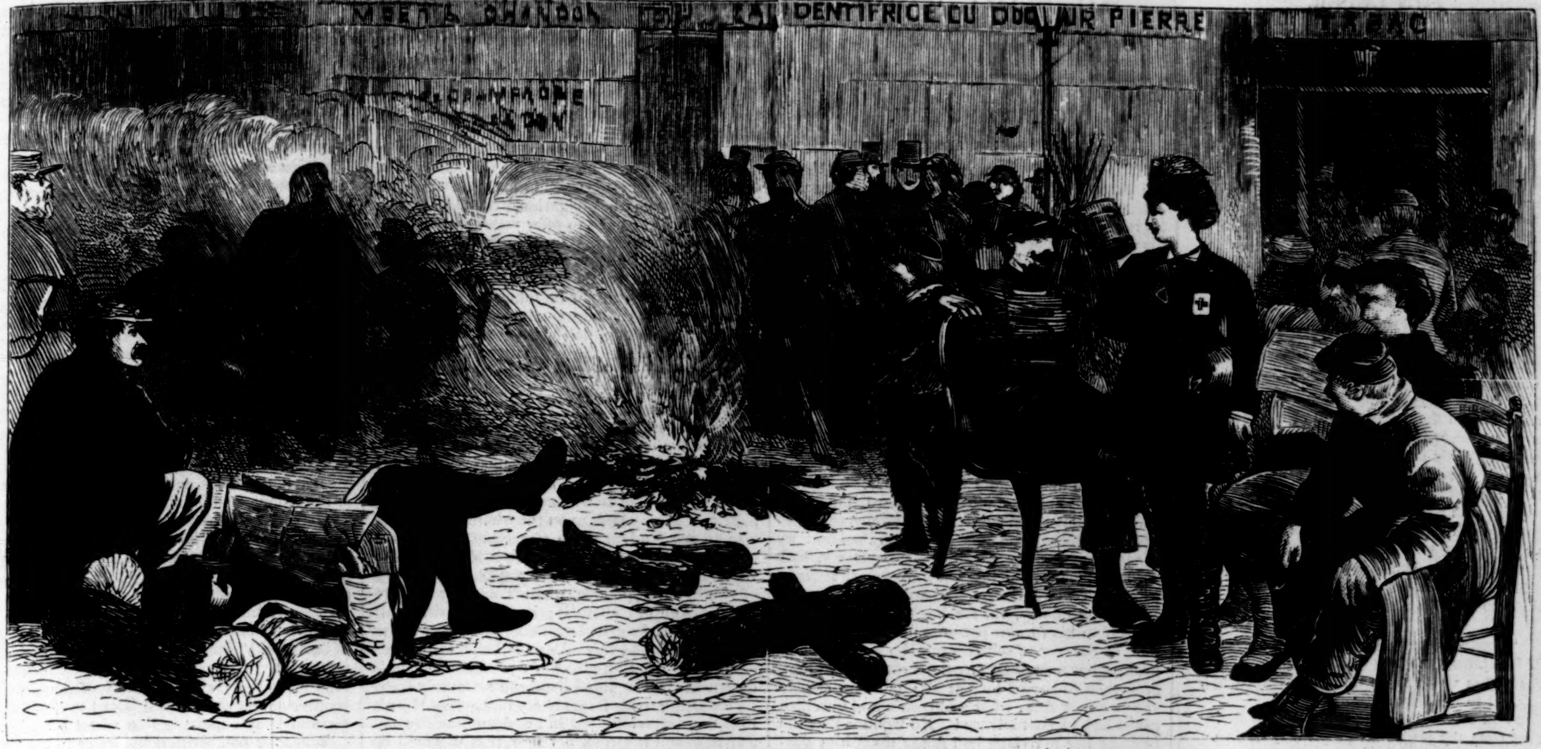
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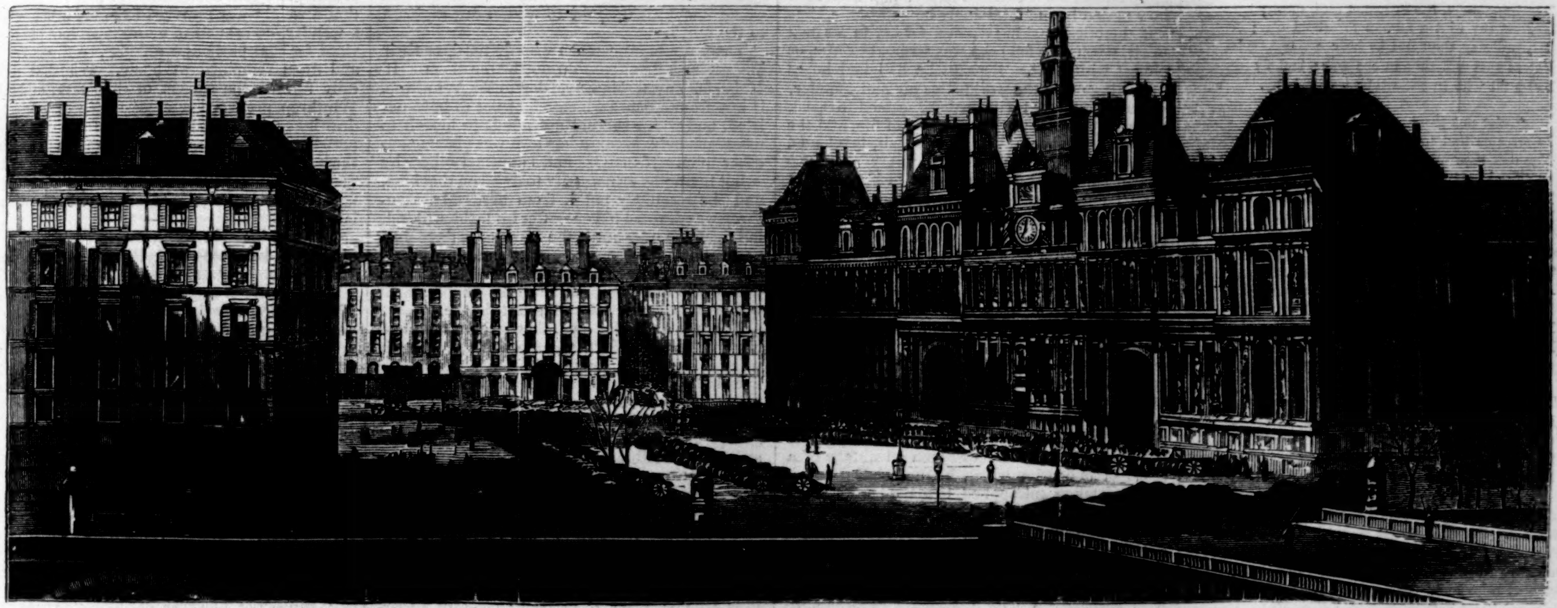
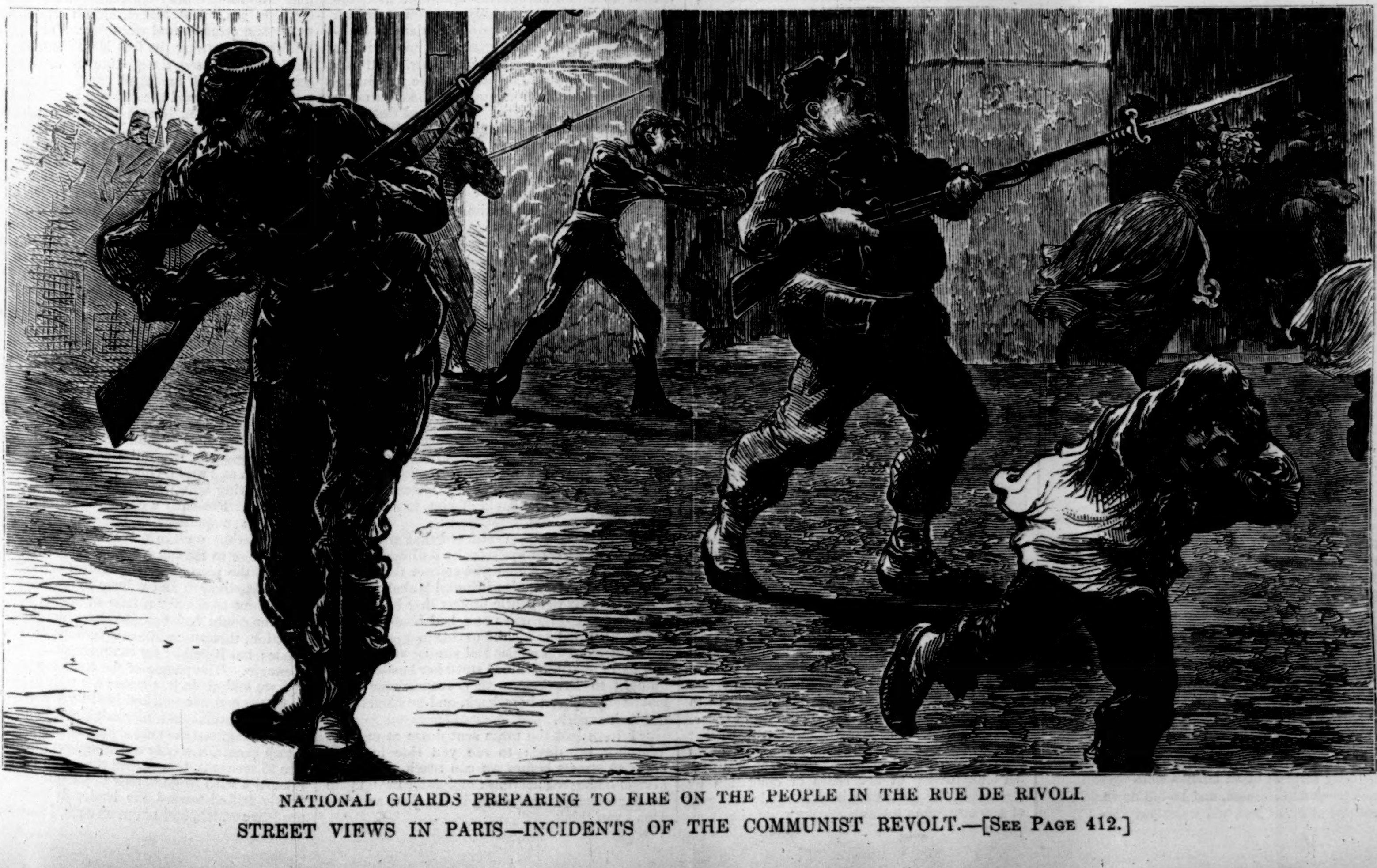


THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, WITH THE BARRICADES ERECTED BY THE INSURGENTS.



NATIONAL GUARDS PREPARING TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

STREET VIEWS IN PARIS—INCIDENTS OF THE COMMUNIST REVOLT.—[See Page 412.]

THE LEPER.

By NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"

* * * * * * *

And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying—"Unclean! unclean!"

* * * * * * *

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
—"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene; and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

The effect of the wound inflicted by Horn Winthrop was more serious than he had himself calculated upon. He had bidden Mabel not to let it rankle, but he little knew with what poison his weapon had been dipped. She stood for some minutes after his departure, pale as marble, and as motionless, with her hand still pressed to her heart, as though to mitigate the pain of some material blow. She never doubted for a moment that Horn had told her the truth. The contradiction to his statement, if false, could be obtained too easily, and, besides, he had with his own lips advised her to satisfy herself upon that point by inquiry. Mr. Winthrop had not been her anonymous benefactor at all; and, what was most terrible to think of, she had sacrificed herself to him, when the obligation was really owed to him who had already won her love. The first savings, the first earnings of Richard Thornton—for without Horn's cruel taunt she would now have recognized the gift as Richard's—sent to her to purchase her freedom from poverty, had been the means of selling her into slavery! Nay, what was more likely, Richard had not even earned the money, but for her sake had abased himself to his former patron, and obtained from him, at the cost of self-respect, the sum that had insured her own abasement. True, he had never spoken to her of love at all; but how clearly she saw now from what a chivalric and unselfish cause he had kept silence! No wonder that the news of her marriage had fallen upon him yesterday like a thunder-clap (how plainly she once more beheld his astounded look); and even then how patiently and forgivingly he had borne himself, doubtless making excuses for her in his own mind, when (she felt) she was without excuse, or almost without it. Perhaps he had had hopes of getting on in the world—his air and manner, when disconnected with herself, seemed to speak of better fortunes; even his mode of life, and the fact of his being a Volunteer at all, betokened improvement in this respect. "A year or two hence" (mayhap he had thought to himself) "I shall be able openly to offer my hand where I have, long ago, given my heart. I have not asked her to wait for me, but she will not be in haste to wed so soon after her father's death." And it was not eight months since she had been orphaned!

The bitter tears rolled fast down her white cheeks as she conjured up these thoughts; and then a deep flush suffused them, for she reflected that it was wickedness—and worse, that she herself had made it so—even to think of Richard at all. Love in her was henceforth a deadly sin, except where it was owed by duty, and she felt now more than ever that it was impossible to pay it *there*. Nay, how could even respect be paid to the man who had taken advantage of a sense of obligation which he must have known to be mistaken, misapplied, to make her his wife? It was as infamous as though, to procure his end, he had impersonated another man.

But was it perfectly certain that Mr. Winthrop had done this? With her burning forehead leaned on one cold hand, Mabel applied herself with earnestness, with passionate eagerness, to this question. For her own sake, as well as for his, she was most desirous to find, not excuses, but a justification for the man to whom she was doomed to be yoked for life. Her heart could never recommend him to mercy if he were guilty; it was essential, therefore, that her reason should acquit him. It was just possible that Mr. Winthrop had misunderstood the letter which she had sent him in reply to his offer of marriage: she had alluded therein to the anonymous present of two hundred pounds, as she had then thought, with sufficient explicitness, but still she had not mentioned it in plain terms. Word by word, with painful persistence, she now endeavored to recall exactly what she had written.

"You have not reminded me of the obligation *under which I am well aware you have placed me*; you are silent upon that point, because you are a gentleman. It is impossible, however, for me to forbear allusion to it. Nay, I must honestly tell you that it makes me feel your debtor; a bond-woman, and not a free agent."

Mabel pondered over those words exactly as Mr. Winthrop had pondered over them for hours that night at *The George* at Brackmere, striving her best, just as he had done, to deprive them of their particular significance.

"I am a rogue," he had cried out at one time, "an infernal villain; but I *will* have her." But this had been only an impulsive ejaculation. A reckless fellow whom the criminal law has pounced upon will sometimes exclaim: "It was I who did it—I am guilty." But being "duly cautioned" by the proper authorities, and having been interviewed by a sagacious attorney, this first too hasty view is generally abandoned. The accused person begins to think—or, at all events, to say—"I did *not* do it—I am *not* guilty;" and similarly Mr. Miles Winthrop, upon due reflection, had retracted those violent expressions against himself, or, at all events, had modified them very considerably. Upon reconsideration of Mabel's words, he had contrived to give them a general instead of particular signification. It was just possible, by the help of the devil, to accept them in what the theologians term a non-natural sense. It was fortunate (for this view of the case) that Mr. Winthrop had so good an opinion of his own high estate, for he managed to paraphrase Mabel's expression of her sense of obligation by "sense of the difference in our social rank, and of the enormous advantages on your side, concerning which, with your accustomed delicacy, you have been silent. So great is the disproportion between our positions that I tell you honestly I shall scarcely feel myself otherwise than your bond-woman."

This was precisely the view of the matter which Mabel was now endeavoring to present to herself; and in this she was not a little aided by the terms of Mr. Winthrop's reply. She took this from her desk, and spreading it out before her, sought in it for this new meaning with all the fervor of a partisan commentator seeking for a gloss.

"Do not speak of obligation," he had written, "for whatever I have to offer you—*or ever had*" (and it is fair to Mr. Winthrop to say that the italics were Mabel's own)—"seems to me of no value until you have deigned to accept it."

Of course that might be taken, as she had at first taken it, for a delicate allusion to the anonymous gift, but it might also be a graceful reference in general terms to the inequality of their positions, upon which he had misunderstood her to lay stress.

If the accused had had to defend himself in his own case before this merciful judge, he would without doubt have lost it, but eminent counsel had volunteered their service upon his behalf; Charity was pleading for him in Mabel's breast, and Pity, though it was not that Pity which is akin to Love. And, upon the whole, the verdict was an acquittal. Again and again she accused herself of having, through false delicacy, used vague and unmeaning terms respecting that gift of two hundred pounds, when it was her duty to have spoken out about it; it was her own fault that Mr. Winthrop had misunderstood her; it was all her own fault—this miserable, helpless business—and into what an abyss of wretchedness had it drawn her! Her mind had been resolutely fixed on repeating to his father every incident of Horn's insulting behavior; but in her deep humility and self-reproach it struck her now that it would be only a just punishment to herself to bear in secret, and without complaint, a wrong to disclose which would unquestionably be to wound her husband to the quick.

There are many women who do not love their husbands, and yet who do not loathe them. If Mabel felt any absolute aversion to Mr. Winthrop, it was from a cause which ought not to have existed, and which she did not admit to herself to exist—namely, because her love was given to another man. If matters had happened otherwise—but there was no necessity to dwell on that idea, and she resolutely put it from her. Mr. Winthrop was devoted to her—after his fashion; kind, indulgent, and—until the previous day—had never shown any symptom of ill humor, so far as she was concerned; and this last negative virtue was of the more account since his temperament was naturally irritable to the last degree.

There is a popular idea, that when a man and his wife are misjoined together—if the union is what is called "incompatible"—they pass their lives in fighting like cat and dog, which would be really too exhausting—or in maintaining a certain stately indifference to one another, which is almost as difficult to keep up as it would be to stand at the military position of "attention" for four-and-twenty hours. Such a condition of affairs would, in fact, be intolerable; and would be soon put a stop to, if by no nobler force, by that vulgar and commonplace instrument, Indigestion. Men like Mr. Winthrop, who have "seen so much of the world," and are (when they please) "so charming in society," are often, it is true, very far from being pleasant house-mates; but they are not ruffians; they will endeavor to make themselves agreeable at home also, at all events occasionally, even for their own sake; it is only a fool, or one of considerably higher rank than a country gentleman, who fancies he can be brutal with impunity; and Mr. Winthrop had no inclination to be brutal. He was imperious and despotic in temper, but he was not a vulgar bully like his son. Horn had described his father accurately enough as resenting interference in his own affairs; the young man's wits, such they were, were concentrated upon such matters as affected himself; they were not diffused, nor directed to any other object; and therefore they had done him good service. (It is astonishing how well a man can live, even upon a small income, who religiously spends every sixpence upon himself.) He had even judged rightly when, reasoning from analogy, he had called his father jealous. But no occasion of jealousy had, heretofore at least, arisen to Mr. Winthrop the elder; and, except in that one instance of the proposed purchase of the second riding-horse, Mabel had never interfered with him. He was certainly rather fretful; but that she attributed to the state of his health, about which he was very solicitous;—he was, in fact, a valetudinarian.

Mabel did not, of course, criticise her husband's character, point by point, in this fashion; it would have been ungenerous and undutiful to have done so; but in a general way she did review her own position as he affected it, and endeavored, by thinking the best she could of him, to fortify her own dutiful resolves.

When Mr. Winthrop returned that afternoon, he was in excellent spirits; he had bought the mare at Tattersall's, and was certain that it was the very thing to suit his wife; and Mabel thanked him, with only the gentle protest that he was too good to her. She was not a bad horsewoman; she had learned as a child to ride in a rough way at Swallowdip, on ponies and similar small deer, and had found the trained steed her husband had brought to Brackmere very manageable; she looked superbly on horseback, and he liked to see her look superb.

"I have had the mare sent down at once to Wapshot, my dear: to see you ride in these crowded streets before we can reach the Park, always makes me nervous; and as we have made up our minds to go home, it was just as well. Don't you think so?"

He spoke with careless frankness, but the glance which he directed toward his wife was furtive, and exhibited anxiety. She hesitated in her reply, because his remark took her so wholly by surprise. She had never been consulted on the matter in question; and when Mr. Winthrop had spoken last about leaving town, he had seemed in favor of going abroad.

"You have no objection to go to Wapshot, I hope?" added he, sharply.

"Certainly not, Miles. I am ready to start to-morrow, if you please. The park and grounds, to judge by all that I have heard, must be looking most beautiful; and it is far pleasanter to be in the country, this summer weather, than in London."

"I wish you had told me so before, my dear Mabel," replied Mr. Winthrop. "Your happiness makes mine, you know; but then you are so humble-minded; you never say, 'I want this, or that,' as a wife—or at least a bride—has surely a right to do. Well, you will have all you desire at Wapshot, I hope. Yes, the park will be looking well this July weather. I will write to Mrs. Merthyr by to-night's post, to get every thing ready for us, and especially to prevent certain things being got ready. I don't mind their ringing the church-bells, but I can't stand deputations of the tenantry, and long speeches, and, above all, the having one's horses taken out of the carriage, and being dragged home by men. Can you?"

"I have not had much experience in such welcomes," said Mabel, smiling; "but I think such adulation is a mistake. It does not seem right for men to take the place of horses."

"I don't care so much about that," said Mr. Winthrop; "if men like to make beasts of themselves, they may; but there's a nasty turn in the road up to the Hall, and if any of these demonstrative gentry should be inclined to jib—yes, I'll certainly put a spoke in that wheel beforehand."

When he had written his letter to the housekeeper, Mr. Winthrop's spirits rose even higher. It was plain that some difficulty had vanished, or that a weight was removed from his mind. For a wonder, no scheme of amusement had been devised for that particular evening, so these Darby and Joan remained at home. Wapshot naturally formed the subject of their talk, and Mr. Winthrop produced a number of well-executed drawings of the Hall and park, from one of his port-folios. He went about with a number of them, some full of home scenes, and some of the records of his foreign travel. When they had exhausted the former, Mabel asked to be shown the latter.

"I have looked over them all," said she, "or almost all, but many of them have no names, and you were not at hand to explain them to me."

This could not very easily have happened, since Mr. Winthrop rarely missed an opportunity of personally exhibiting the contents of his sketch-book; but it might have been so; and, at all events, the pretty speech was very grateful to him. The drawings were good and vigorously executed; the subjects well chosen with a view to effect, and very various. Here was a bit of jungle teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; and here a barren plain, "lit by a low, large moon," and without a tree.

"Why, this looks like a piece of British soil," said Mabel, as she gazed upon a crescent bay, fringed with fair woods; one horn a sandy slope, the other a fine headland, beyond which a ship was standing out to sea. "It is just such a scene as I remember at Shingleton."

"It was not, however, at Shingleton that I saw it," answered Mr. Winthrop, gravely; "it is many thousand miles from home—in Patagonia."

"Ah, yes," said Mabel, almost with tenderness: she remembered what Mrs. Marshall had told her concerning the first Mrs. Winthrop, and would have passed the picture by had not her companion stayed her hand.

"You have heard the story, then?" said he.

"No, Miles; at least I have been told only this much, that in Patagonia"— She hesitated; it is rather disconcerting for a bride to have to speak to her husband of her predecessor. To pretend sympathy for that dear departed to whose death our present enviable position is solely owing seems ridiculous; while any attempt at a compliment must needs be of the nature of self-praise. If No. 1 was a great treasure to her husband, how much more priceless must be No. 2, whose attractions have caused him to forget her! The whole subject is difficult of approach for a young lady in her honey-moon.

"Yes," said Mr. Winthrop, thoughtfully, "there is no spot on the earth's surface that has been so constantly in my mind's eye as yonder bay. It was there I lost my first wife for four long years, and, as I then thought, forever."

"Would it be too painful to you, Miles, to tell me how it happened?"

"It was a calm day, and we were coasting along the shore—about two miles from it. I had not been well, and was trying to get some sleep in my cabin, having sent Margaret on deck to enjoy the sunshine. Presently a curious spectacle presented itself: a quantity of beautiful flowers were seen floating on the waves. There is a river somewhere to the north here"—he indicated the spot on the picture—"the stream of which has sufficient strength and volume to make itself apparent out to sea for a mile or more; and this without doubt had brought down the objects in question, thrown overboard, perhaps, from some canoe; but it looked for the moment like a piece of magic. The people of the coast are savages, and we had given it, therefore, a wide berth; indeed, we had not touched land for weeks, and it was only natural that, to a lady's eye, this charming present from the land should seem acceptable. At all events, not only did Margaret greatly desire to secure it, but, seeing the sea so calm, expressed a wish to go herself in pursuit of it, as it slowly drifted toward the land. It was an imprudence which, had I been on deck, I should certainly have opposed, but there seemed no sort of peril in it. An old and trusty sailor volunteered to take her in the smallest boat we had—a mere cockle-shell—and she unhappily consented to accompany him. The ship was almost becalmed, and the crew watched their progress without dreaming that any harm could happen to them. However, just as it seemed that the objects they pursued were within their reach, both flowers and boat began to hurry away as though in a mill-race. An under-current, of which, of course, we knew nothing, ran southward about a mile from land, and carried them past yonder sandy spit, and out of sight. The captain did what he could, and stood in-shore at once; but, though taking the self-same course as they had done, we could find no trace of them. For days and weeks we remained on that inhospitable coast until the weather changed, and it became dangerous to delay longer. Then, almost heart-broken, I came home without my wife."

"But she came back at last, Miles!" said Mabel, pitifully.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winthrop, slowly. "She came back after four years, and our son, born in the mean time, with her. He is called Horn after the cape in the neighborhood of which this disaster happened."

"But how did they return?"

"An English trader, passing by the cape, and falling short of water, landed a boat's crew, which fell in with Margaret and her child. She had had strange adventures; but a native woman had been very kind to her; nor, indeed, notwithstanding the bad name which the people of that district bore, did any one molest her. Still, the experience was a terrible shock to her, poor woman, and she was never quite herself again."

"It is no wonder," answered Mabel, with dewy eyes. "But how doubly dear she must have been to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Winthrop; "naturally. But for her return, every acre of the estate would have passed into the hands of a distant branch of the family. You see it was quite impossible for me to contract a second marriage while the first Mrs. Winthrop's fate was still a matter of conjecture. As it was, her return seemed like the coming back of one from the dead."

"It must, indeed, have seemed so," answered Mabel. "Was the poor sailor never heard of?"

"Michael? No, never. It is my belief they ate him," observed Mr. Winthrop, coldly; "for the natives were cannibals."

"Cannibals!" echoed Mabel, with a shudder.

"They were, indeed. The notion shocks you, very naturally. Imagine, therefore, how exceedingly distasteful the whole subject must be to me. Still I thought it right to put you in possession of the facts, since you will probably hear some vulgar version of them from those not likely to be so well informed. We need not speak of the matter again." He turned the leaf. "Now there's a charming place—an island of the West Indies, not a mile across, but which, for richness and beauty, might be the very bride of islands. We passed three days there, snatched in advance, as it seemed, from life in heaven."

So passed the evening. It was not till the clock struck midnight that the recollection of Horn Winthrop's conduct that morning recurred to Mabel. The twelve hours were now passed, during which, if he should hear nothing to the contrary, he had said, he should conclude that peace was made between them. Peace? Her lip curled scornfully as she recalled the word. But though she might reject all alliance with this brutal foe, could she dare to declare war against him? No; she dared not. For years, perhaps for life, she was doomed, then, to be exposed to all the force of his ill will, unless she could ransom herself by aiding his schemes upon his father's purse. She acknowledged the full value of the secret of which, she knew not how, he had contrived to possess himself. He was right in judging that she had not the courage to confess to her husband that she had received help from another's hand, and that other Richard Thornton, and had married *him* because she had misunderstood it to come from his own. She must bear her cross as she could. What mattered it? Life did not last forever; and, at all events, she who had been alone to blame in the matter—for so she had persuaded herself—alone would have to suffer. How much more terrible it would have been, if one she loved, and who was innocent of her offense, had had to suffer also!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

Situated in a glorious park, affording almost every description of scenery, and surrounded by a chain of mountains, Wapshot Hall had great picturesque attractions outside its walls, while within it was acknowledged to be one of the "show-places" of the north. Fortunately for the peace of mind of its present proprietor, tourists did not, however, throng to it very numerously even in the tourist months. It did not border upon any of the great arteries of travel, nor was there any rival object of interest in its neighborhood. No rounded earth ramparts stood near it to mark where Dane or Roman had intrenched themselves; no tumulus, with its possibilities of hero's bones or weapons; nor did any hoary legends in particular cling to the ancient Hall itself. It was too far north to have suffered from border ravage; or perhaps too solitary, and therefore unremunerative, to have tempted it. It was in too good repair to admit of a "haunted wing." Like the family which possessed it, Wapshot Hall had never, in fact, been remarkable for any thing, and yet was interesting, if not instructive, from its very antiquity.

The general style of the house was Elizabethan, but its architecture was various and irregular. Though backed and overshadowed by very lofty hills, it stood on high ground, was built, indeed, on a fine natural plateau, part of which in front of the edifice had been so contrived as to resemble a magnificent artificial terrace. From it and, of course, from the windows that commanded it there was a "home view" almost unrivaled. The well-wooded and undulating park sloped down to a great lake, on whose summer brightness, or winter's steely blue, the eye was never tired of gazing. Hills of a less stately height than those behind the Hall encompassed this landscape. The whole estate was as complete and self-contained as though it had been created apart from the rest of the world, and contained as various elements of beauty—in hill and vale, in wood and water—as a picture of Claude's. Extensive as it was, and fair as was the income it yielded, the house was large for its acres. Though the mere materials for its erection lay near at hand, it was a marvel how men in so retired and unpopulous a spot could have been procured in sufficient numbers to build it. The original designer must have had the passion for vastness of a Pharaoh. The great hall—which, it is true, the family and their retainers, as well, probably, as a whole pack of divers kinds of dogs, used in old times as a common dining-room—could have accommodated a horse regiment. All attempts to light it by artificial means, except by gas, which it would have been blasphemous to suggest, were vain; and even in the day-time the painted shields that studded the long windows turned half the sunshine into gules and azure before it poured upon the black and shining floor. To Mabel, with the remembrance of the little Brackmere lobby in her mind, the proportions of this place, as well as those of the vast oak staircase that led from it to the upper floors, seemed colossal. She had been inside that world-famous castle which was the object of her father's loyalty, but even there she had not seen so large an apartment, or, if she had, had never conceived of it as being a "living-room"—a place to dine in. Yet here, in the summer months, it was Mr. Winthrop's habit to take his principal meal, with three or four servants standing about the board, whose presence rather increased than diminished the sense of a solitary space. It would have required half a hundred retainers, with as many flambeaux, to have duly peopled such a scene, and lit up those great breadths of shadow.

It was in this stately room, after a long railway journey, and (in time) almost as long a carriage drive through a wild but picturesque district, that Mabel found herself. Her awe, which was not less than that of the bride of the lord of Burleigh upon her first introduction to *his* greatness, showed itself in her features, and by no means displeased her husband. It was a fitting tribute to that social position he had conferred upon her, and which was evidently so much superior to the highest expectations she had entertained of it. With a self-satisfied smile he touched her hand, and pointed to the housekeeper, who stood courtesying by the door-way.

"Mrs. Merthyr is accustomed to see people astonished at the size of my dining-room, Mabel, and she will excuse your remissness."

With a flush and a smile, Mabel held out her hand, and warmly acknowledged the old lady's greeting. She was a stately dame, in silk as stiff as tarpaulin; and such silk was her only wear. She had "shown" Wapshot to visitors for a quarter of a century, and if she had taken some of their compliments upon it, as well as the gold pieces (for silver she never took) to herself, it was but natural, for she identified herself with the house as completely as though she were stone and mortar instead of flesh and blood; hence her magnificent deportment, now slightly mitigated and toned down in the presence of her master and his bride.

"We have to thank you, Mrs. Merthyr," said Mr. Winthrop, "for having arranged for us so quiet a reception. Mrs. Winthrop is naturally fatigued after so long a journey; and it was better, I thought, to dispense with all welcomes except from the tongues of your church-bells." The peals from the belfry of the hidden village church were filling the evening air with their complaining mirth; else no voice had wished them joy. The tenantry and villagers had been given to understand it was their lord's wish that they should abstain from all demonstration, but they were to come up to the Hall on the morrow, when there were to be great doings.

"It was not, Sir, for want of the wish to honor you and your lady that our people have kept at home to-night," replied Mrs. Merthyr, respectfully. Then, turning to her new mistress, "Dinner will be served as soon as it is your pleasure to order it. May I have the honor of showing you, madam, to your room?"

This apartment was the state sleeping-room of Wapshot, and might have been used, so far as size was concerned, by all the generations of the Winthrops from the Heptarchy till then at the same time. Rushes had once strewn the floor, and tapestry hung from the walls; and though thick-piled carpets and elegant paper-hangings had been substituted for these, the vastness and the gloom affected Mabel. The daylight had fled, but the curtains of the great bay-window had not been drawn, and she walked quickly to it, as though to seek cheerfulness from without. The scene was fair and placid enough, but scarcely cheerful; it was, on the contrary, solemn and lonely. The whole of Martha Barr's establishment, including the front garden and its mysterious back yard, might have been placed in that bay-window.

"I hope you will like your room and its view," said the housekeeper, rather stiffly.

"Both are most beautiful," replied poor Mabel, anxious to please this formidable person, who called her—so incongruously—mistress. "But I have been accustomed to much smaller rooms, and I feel"—she was about to say, a little frightened, but she restrained herself, and added—"quite lost in this one."

Mrs. Merthyr smiled graciously at this, as though it had been a personal compliment. "It takes some time to get accustomed to Wapshot, madam," said she; "but you can not fail to like it in the end. If you have no other commands, I will leave you for the present, and summon your own maid."

And off the old dame stalked with a stately rustle, such as Autumn makes among her fallen leaves.

The evening was mild, and, for that northern climate, even warm, but Mabel shivered; a chilling sense of loneliness, almost of desolation, was creeping upon her. Ah, if only she could have had her faithful Susan from the Rectory to tend her now, and keep her company in this alien place, amidst these unhomelike splendors! If her husband, who was always willing to give her pleasure, had but thought of *that*, or if she had had the courage to suggest it to him! But she had not. She had feared—and not without reason—that he might have taken such a request as being a proof that his love, his protection, his companionship, were not sufficient for her; that though his wife, she still felt strange and ill at ease with him. What would she not have given for the sight of a familiar face, however humble, for the sound of a voice that had affection in its tone, in place of the measured accents of respect that met her ear at Wapshot! Mabel had had no attendant of her own in London, preferring to use the services of one of the maids of the hotel; but Mrs. Merthyr had been enjoined to furnish her with this "requisite for the toilet," and she had done so.

Caroline Vance had emanated originally from that great emporium for maid-servants in the rough, the village school; but she had "taken a place" early, and having "given great satisfaction," had been promoted from the nursery, where she had been "Carry," to my lady's chamber, where she was "Vance." Circumstances over which she had certainly no control (namely, the bankruptcy of my lady's husband) had necessitated a breaking up of his establishment; and so Caroline had returned to Wapshot, just in time, as it so happened, to become "Vance" again in Mrs. Winthrop's service. She could not, of course, at all events at present, be what Susan would have been to Mabel; but she brought with her a smiling face and kindly ways, which were very welcome. She was pretty, too; and Mabel did not entertain that jealousy of good looks in her own sex which many women—even young and pretty ones themselves—both experience and exhibit. Vance was used to the great house, having in her early days helped to scrub and tidy it under the distant supervision of Mrs. Merthyr; and her familiarity with the place and its vastness gave her young mistress courage. For to say truth, and notwithstanding its magnificence as a mansion, Wapshot Hall was a dismal place to which to bring a newly married wife. With half a dozen children to wake the echoes of its long galleries with their blithe laughter, and to patter over the smooth oak floors with their lively feet—with plenty of cheerful guests to exorcise its melancholy, and a few couples of young people to utilize the bay-windows when the moon streamed through them, and change their ghostly atmosphere to one of love—it would have been charming; but as it was, the Hall was not only dull, but depressing.

Visitors came, of course—magnates of the land, who brought their congratulations for their neighbor the lord of Wapshot, eyed Mabel with considerable interest, not unmixed, she sometimes thought, with pity, and asked—always with effort and a certain awkwardness—after Mr. Horn. It was evident that the young gentleman was not a favorite. Mabel returned these calls in company with her husband; and dinner-parties, given and returned, took place in due course. These were dull and heavy in themselves, and yet, when they were over, and the guests had departed, a deeper melancholy seemed to settle down upon the rooms they had partially filled if not enlivened. So far as her husband was concerned, she had no reason to complain of solitariness. He liked her to be with him at all times. He took long rides with her over the country round; he would have her sit by him in the park for hours while he sketched a view, or made a "study" of some noble tree; in the evening he would read aloud to her a play or poem, for he possessed considerable elocutionary powers, and was very proud of them. He sometimes read her poems of his own, to which it was necessary to pay extreme attention, that she might applaud judiciously, since indiscriminate praise offended him even more than silence. Well, it was no great hardship. Respectable persons who read this history will aver that if Mrs. Winthrop was not satisfied with her position (considering what it was and what it had been), ay, and thankful for it, she deserved to be whipped. There is no need, however, for so sharp a judgment. Mabel never expressed dissatisfaction, and a time was coming when she was destined to show herself not unmindful of her husband's consideration and regard. Moreover, it must be remembered that she only enjoyed these last at the pleasure of another, who permitted her to do so, through no good-will. Notwithstanding the prevailing fair weather, it was always within Horn Winthrop's power to overcast her sky, perhaps forever. That he had made no attempt to do so at present was no evidence of safeguard for the time to come. It only proved that Horn had had good luck at cards and billiards.

Matters were in this state, when an incident took place at Wapshot, slight in itself, but which was destined to eventually affect the whole future fortunes of its mistress. It was late autumn now, and a wet and windy day—so windy that the vast window-frames of the Hall, made in old times, when massiveness was held of more account that a neat fit, shivered and shook, as though human hands were impatiently beating for admission, and yet so wet that the wind could not drive off the rain, that fell in sheets, and hid the mountains with its living wall. Mr. Winthrop was in his study writing letters, and Mabel had taken the opportunity to ask Mrs. Merthyr to show her the picture-gallery: she knew such a request would please the old lady; and since her husband had not volunteered his own services as cicerone, she already knew him well enough to be sure that, for some reason or other, he was disinclined to do so. Imagine, then, the old housekeeper, stiff as her silk, fingering with one hand the heavy gold watch-chain, the only ornament she wore, and with the other pointing out to her young mistress, here a cavalier with slouched hat and plume and gayly ribboned sword-hilt, and here a Jacobite with wily smile, drinking "Across the water" to the king. Their progress down the long gallery was far slower, of course, than when Mrs. Merthyr told the story of the house to casual visitors; this chance of informing her young mistress of the ancestral greatness with which she had allied herself being not one to be thrown away. The day grew darker and more tempestuous, but still she swept slowly on, dilating garrulously upon this picture and that, as though she were the Muse of History. "So ends our Tudor line," she would say, or, "So, our Stuart," as though the family of Winthrop had been a sovereign house.

The great chimney-piece in the centre of the gallery, with its glorious wealth of carven flowers, was generally a great topic with her, but on this occasion she passed it by with a mere, "Grinling Gibbons;" and began again—for the pictures were arranged in chronological order—with the less remote ancestry.

Here was a knight of the shire, girt with his javelin-men; and here a quaintly appareled gentleman who had raised a troop of yeomanry at his own expense, and only reserved to himself the right of inventing the uniform. From this latter worthy had forked the Denham branch of the family. "They had great hopes, those people, fifteen years ago, of coming to Wapshot," remarked Mrs. Merthyr, triumphantly; "but my last lady's return with Master Horn secured the succession to the right line. That is my last lady, painted in Paris by a French artist, and said to be very like."

"*Said* to be!" echoed Mabel, gazing upon the portrait in question, which represented a very beautiful and young brunette. "Why, could you not judge for yourself? You must have seen her often."

Mrs. Merthyr dropped her voice, and looked cautiously about her. "Yes; but not like that. Directly after the marriage Mr. Winthrop, without even visiting Wapshot for a day, took her abroad—all round the world, as they say. But there! if my master has not told you, it does not become me to speak of such matters."

"Mr. Winthrop has told me all," said Mabel, simply, "except that he has never spoken of his wife's beauty. What a glorious creature she must have been!"

And, indeed, if to the physiognomist there was weakness in those parting lips and laughing eyes, to the ordinary observer they did but add gayety to the sum of her charms.

"And was she always bright and blithe like that?"

Mrs. Merthyr held up her hands. "Like *that!*"—then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, quietly—"No, madam; her picture, as *I* knew her, hangs in my room."

"Might I see it?"

"He has not laid his commands upon me not to show it," muttered the old housekeeper, as if arguing with herself.—"Yes, madam, if you will please to honor my poor chamber."

Mrs. Merthyr always spoke as though she were acting in a blank-verse play of the Elizabethan epoch; for, in plain prose, her room was not only a handsome one, but, what very few others in the house were, exceedingly snug. During the long absences of the head of the house it had more than once received as guests the curate of the parish, the attorney, and the junior member of the firm of London wine-merchants who supplied the Wapshot cellars. There was nothing remarkable about it, however, beyond its gentility and comfort, save the picture which Mabel had been brought to see. This hung beside the book-case, almost out of sight, and had a little curtain drawn across it.

"There is no secret about it," explained Mrs. Merthyr, still in a self-justifying tone, "since every one on the estate has seen the original; but it is apt to catch a stranger's eye, and excite idle curiosity; so I keep it covered. The poor dear lady had a fancy to have it taken, and my master humored her; but he bade me never let him see it. A sad change, is it not, from her you saw just now in the gallery?" Mabel had uttered an exclamation of astonishment and horror. It would have been quite impossible to identify the two portraits—one of which represented youth and the other a premature old age—but for Mrs. Merthyr's remark; but what struck the present spectator much more forcibly than the substitution of white hair for black, and wrinkled paleness for plumpness and color, was the scared look of the mouth and eyes.

"Was she frightened out of her wits?" asked Mabel, with an involuntary shudder.

"No, madam. If any one has told you *that*—I don't care who it is," exclaimed the old lady, with sudden indignation—"they have spoken falsely. She knew what she did, ay, and said, to the very last. If it should cost me my place, I would never wrong the dead by denying that."

"It is a sad sight," said Mabel, pityingly.

"Yes, madam; and perhaps I have been wrong to show it you." She had replaced the curtain over the picture, and once more spoke in her customary measured tones.

"It was imprudent of me, my dear." The pity in her young mistress's face seemed to touch her heart and smooth her stateliness away. But Mabel scarcely heard her, the picture so engrossed her thoughts.

"And was Mrs. Winthrop always as she is painted there since you remember her?" inquired she.

"No, madam. When she first came home with her child she was very different, though not more unlike to this portrait than to the other. She was still young, but neither blithe nor bright. Let us not talk of it, madam, if you please. This is a pretty sketch of the Lower Fall, my master was so good as to present me with, and to write his own name beneath it. And this a silhouette of Master Horn when he was a child. A pretty state he used to get in at the sight of it, because it made him black; and so, you see, it was hung high, out of his reach."

THE COMMUNISTS IN PARIS.

We give on page 409 a series of sketches from which our readers may form an idea of the present condition of the unhappy capital of France under the rule of the Reds. The view of the Hôtel de Ville shows how thoroughly the important streets are barricaded. This building is the civil head-centre of the Reds. There is a certain superstition among the Paris populace that whatever party holds this building rules France, and thus the leaders of all popular insurrections have always attempted to occupy it. On the 4th of September last the downfall of the empire and the advent of the republic were declared from the Hôtel de Ville, and twice during the siege the Reds tried to gain possession of it, but failed; this time they have succeeded, and on the 28th of March they proclaimed the Commune from the door-step with great ceremony. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is strongly barricaded and guarded, and an enormous number of cannon are parked there. A motley crowd of soldiers are inside the place, and Nationaux, Moblots, Line, and Garibaldians wander about, staring at the crowds outside, and are apt to make not overpleasant remarks on any stranger whom they suspect to be an aristocrat or spy, if they do not make him the recipient of more practical marks of their disfavor.

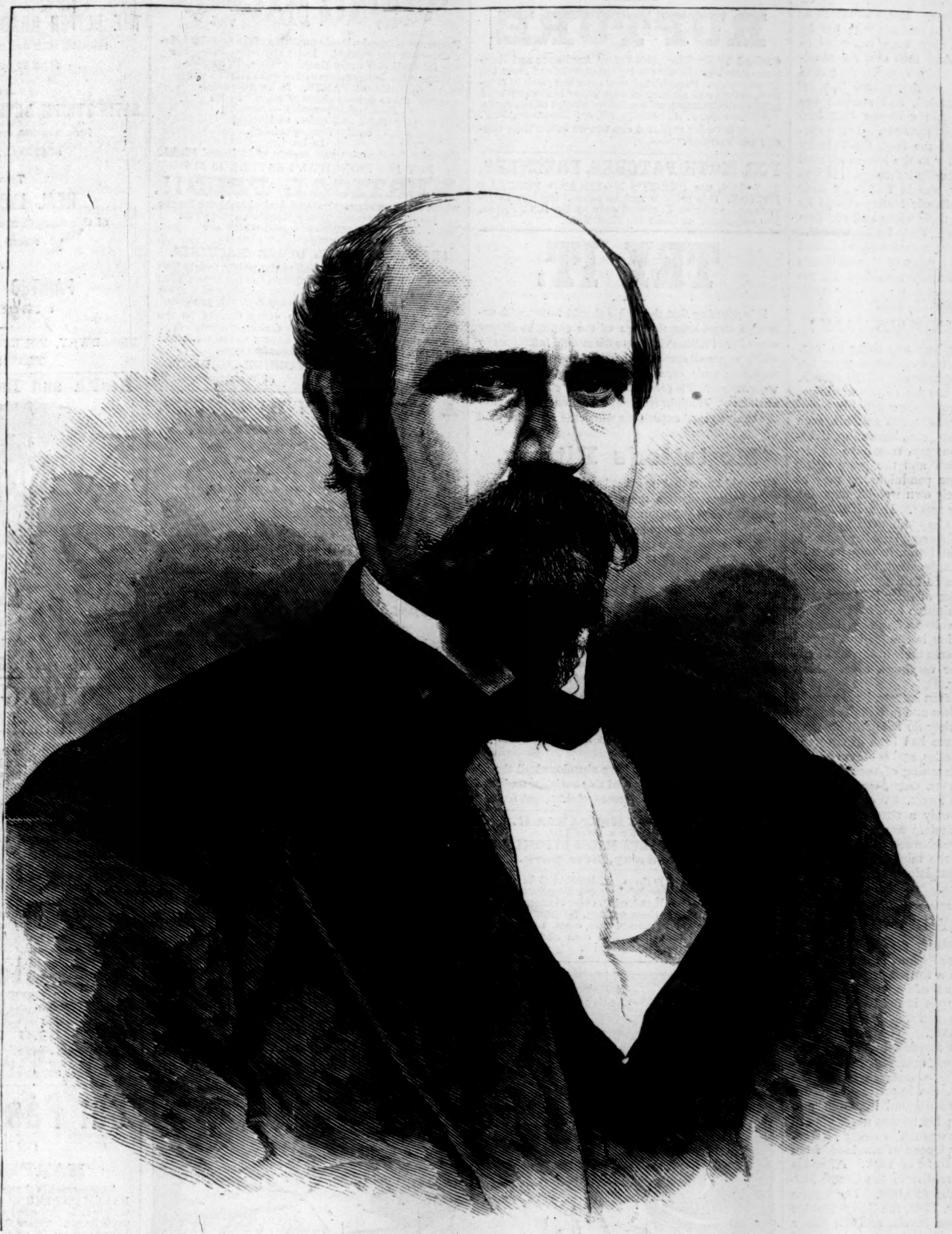
Another sketch on the same page represents a scene often witnessed in some of the more frequented streets of Paris during the height of the disturbances. This was especially the case on the Rue de Rivoli, which was a favorite resort of the curious, who wanted to get as near the head-quarters of the insurgents as possible, so as to obtain an inkling of what was going on. Women of every class, though particularly those of the lower order of Parisiennes, who are famous for their readiness to take a hand in political rows, formed a conspicuous feature of the scene. Both in olden and modern revolutions, the Paris women have shown themselves most energetic and active in the cause of radicalism. In the reign of terror the women took the lead, and in many cases showed themselves even more bitter and cruel toward the hated aristocrats than their *sans-culottes* brethren. In the present revolution the women have shown themselves almost worthy of their sisters of 1792–93; and when, during the siege, an English gentleman was arrested in Paris as a spy, one of these gentle Parisiennes proposed to drench him in petroleum and set him on fire,

A BARRICADE IN PARIS.

a suggestion which was happily negatived by the male portion of the crowd.

The crowd in the Rue de Rivoli had by no means a quiet time of it. Continual panics arose, rumors were periodically circulated that the National Guards, who had been posted in the Rue Castiglione, and the various other approaches to the Place Vendôme, were about to fire, and the people would fly down the street as if for their lives. Sometimes, also, the *rappel* would be beaten, the cry of "*Aux armes*" would be raised, and the sentries would make a gallant charge, and scatter the terrified crowd to the winds, while the inmates of the houses looking on the street would carefully close, bar and bolt all their doors and windows. Such a scene is represented in the sketch of the Rue de Rivoli.

The sketch on page 412 shows the mob engaged in building a barricade. These street fortifications have always been a great feature in a Parisian revolution, or, indeed, a French disturbance of any kind. The first idea of a Parisian rioter is to construct one; and with this view he seizes a passing omnibus or a couple of cabs, turns them over, sets half a dozen *gamins* to work to tear up the neighboring paving-stones, and in a few moments he has erected a fortification which, if defended by a few resolute men, would require at least a detachment of artillery to demolish. The windows of the houses behind the barricade are usually occupied by sharp-shooters, who effectually prevent any cavalry or infantry from approaching it, while a well-aimed fire from the erection itself greatly hinders the operations of an attacking force. Some of the barricades are very artistically and ingeniously constructed, and the Parisian *gamins* are extremely clever at making them. Thus, as the sketch represents, quite in his element, *Gavroche* laughs and jokes while working away with a rapidity inconceivable to those who have never witnessed such an operation. Indeed, the speed with which these dangerous obstructions are raised is wonderful, and the success of the Reds in obtaining control of the city is not a little attributable to the timely and methodical manner in which the barricades were almost simultaneously erected in all the disaffected quarters. Many also were armed with new cannon, while others were defended by Montigny mitrailleuses originally intended for use against the Prussians. The barricade in the sketch was raised at the junction of the Rue and Boulevard Rochechouart.



ORANGE S. WINANS.

Orange S. Winans, of Chautauqua County, was elected by the Republicans a representative to the New York Assembly in 1870. He voted with his party until toward the end of the session, when Mr. Irving, a Democratic Assemblyman from New York, assaulted Mr. Smith M. Weed, a Democrat from Clinton, and resigned, leaving the Democrats without a majority. Thereupon Mr. Winans, with the other Republicans, signed an agreement not to support certain measures which had been introduced by the Democrats for their own advantage. After he had done so, Mr. Winans states, in a card, that he "concluded to watch developments;" and developments persuaded him to vote with the Democrats. Thus, by the aid of the representative of one of the most thoroughly Republican districts in the State, elected as a Republican, the Tammany Ring accomplished its purposes.

A FRAGMENT FROM A BATTLE.

It is the evening of the 12th August, 1759; the setting sun is looming blood-red through the rolling smoke which covers the battle-field of Kunersdorf;* the Prussian army, after nine hours' hard fighting against overwhelming numbers, is reeling back in one great whirl of confusion from the three batteries which it captured this morning; while, mingling with the dark blue masses, appear the glittering ranks of Loudon's Austrian dragoons, slaughtering without mercy; and over the crest of the ridge above, in all their dim and shadowy immensity, come the endless gray lines of the Russian grenadiers, rallied after two successive defeats, and coming on once more to victory and to vengeance. Frederick the Great, broken-hearted and despairing, is galloping away, feeling in the inner pocket of his shot-torn coat for the vial of poison which he never lays aside; and Marshal Soltikoff, amidst the congratulations of his staff, is writing to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, "Your Majesty's enemies have met the fate which they merit: Prussia is annihilated." Had any one at that moment whispered in the ear of the triumphant marshal, or of the desponding king, "A century hence this 'annihilated' Prussia of yours shall be the first power in central Europe, shaking the councils of Russia, and hewing her way into the heart of France," how both would have started! And yet stranger things than that have come to pass since then.

Last in the field, as the charging hosts came rolling on, remained two battalions of the Prussian life-guard, which, formed in close order on the plateau fronting the Judenberg, made a last stand to cover the retreat of their comrades. And for a time, by sheer force of discipline and resolution, the few made good their ground against the many. Loudon's dragoons, Batthyani's hussars, the flower of the imperial army, reeled back in mid-charge before the crushing fire of the veteran grenadiers; and for a moment the whirling tide of ruin halted around this handful of daring men, like an island in the midst of a roaring sea. Again the cavalry rallied and came on; and following them came surging, like foaming waves, the white masses of the Austrian infantry; while in the centre of all this torrent of attack (a tiny speck of dark blue amidst the endless sea of white) stood, with the firmness of men who know that they are to die, the indomitable column. Could a painter have snatched the scene at that moment, it would have made a marvelous picture. The wreck and confusion of the battle-field beneath its rolling smoke, upon which the sinking sun cast a lurid glare—the wild shout and headlong rush of the splendid horsemen—the granite firmness of the blue-coated ranks behind their hedge of steel, from which burst ever and anon the flash and crack of the fatal musketry—the sudden scattering of the glittering squadrons, and their spectral disappearance into the billowy smoke—were all perfect in their weird and terrible picturesqueness. And now came the foot to back the assault of the horse; blasting volleys of musketry rained upon the Prussian column, and on swept the enemy with leveled bayonets, hot from their nine hours' fighting, and mad with rage and vengeance. But the Prussians, though falling fast, closed sternly up at the word of command, and poured in a fire that nothing could endure. All around that unconquerable handful Austrian grenadier and Hungarian hussar lay strewn upon the earth like leaves, their splendid uniforms all smeared and defiled with blood. Whenever the smoke rolled away, the thin line of steel stood out firm and even as ever, while above it loomed a range of stern faces, all alike wearing that set, grim, dangerous look wherein the tiger part of man proclaims itself when he is fairly brought to bay; and in the pause of the fearful din were heard the clear, manly voices of the Prussian officers: "Hold to it, lads! a little longer, and our king is safe!"

But such a fight is too unequal to last long. For now the Russians come up in overpowering strength, and fall like an avalanche upon the devoted column. Its front is broken by the sheer weight of the charge; and now begins such a tug of hand-to-hand slaughtering, such stabbing with fixed bayonets, and beating with clubbed muskets, as has rarely been seen on a modern battle-field. Prussians beat out the brains of Russians, Russians fix their teeth in the throats of Prussians; it is a mere welter of blind animal ferocity, a fight not of men, but of wolves and wolf-hounds. The Prussian flag drops to the ground, stained with the blood of its bearer; a young Prussian grenadier sets his foot upon it, and, wielding his heavy musket like a flail, smashes down the Russians who eagerly grasp at the fallen ensign. His gunstock flies in shivers—he clutches the sabre of a slain dragoon, and lays open the face of his nearest enemy—a bayonet pierces his arm, a musket-butt falls upon his head from behind—flashes dance before his eyes, and every thing seems to swim round him—then all is blank!

TRIAL BY JURY.

The institution of trial by jury is by no means so ancient as some of its admirers may suppose. The earliest known statutory notice of juries at all resembling those known to us occurs in the famous constitutions of Clarendon, A.D. 1164. Down to that period—and, indeed, after it—juries seem to have frequently been, not judges of fact, but mere witnesses, whose testimony was designed to influence the Court by its unanimity. In either capacity they were not much employed. There is one instance—probably the only one that occurred during the eleventh century—in which juries performed their modern duty of deciding as to facts—when Odo of Buzent called upon a number of persons to choose twelve from among them to testify their decision by oath. It may be presumed that the results of the experiment were unsatisfactory, as many years were allowed to elapse before any thing of the same kind was again attempted. In the earlier part of the reign of Henry II., trial by duel was decisive in all actions relating to freeholds, writs of right, validity of charters, suretyship, and some other suits. The function exercised by jurors, as a body of official witnesses in a trial, was, doubtless, one of the main reasons why they were chosen from the district where the cause of action arose, or the crime was committed, at the trial of which they were required to attend. The practice of selecting jurors from particular districts has thus, like many other ancient usages, survived the circumstances that gave it birth. Our ancestors had many ways of gaining their objects, which in these gentler—must it be said, these more degenerate—days appear to savor much of brutality. The modes by which the good conduct of juries was at one time provided for are cases in point. In the reign of Henry III. of England, when juries could not agree, the verdict of the majority was taken, and the minority were fined for obstinately maintaining a difference of opinion. Indeed, the late Lord Campbell, when chief justice, once, in a moment of impatience, told a jury who were unable to agree to a verdict on which he himself had made up his mind, that, according to the English law as it even now stands, he could order them to be conveyed in a cart to the nearest ditch where the counties joined, and there "shot" in. The mode of revising a verdict was still worse. Motion for a new trial is a comparatively modern expedient, which was first resorted to in the case of "Wood *vs.* Gunston" in 1645. Before that our English ancestors were accustomed to resort to the simpler plan of keeping juries honest by penalties, it being taken for granted that juries could only give a wrong verdict under the promptings of guilty and corrupt motives. These penalties at one time extended only to real actions; but by 34 Edward III., c. 7, they were extended to juries in all actions. And thus was the recalcitrant jury brought within range. Suspicion being thrown on their verdict, a new jury of twenty-four was impaneled, and reheard the case on precisely the same evidence that had been submitted in the first instance. If the second verdict contradicted the first, the unlucky twelve were condemned "to the loss of all civil rights, and to be perpetually infamous. It was also ordained that they should forfeit all their goods and the profits of their lands; should be themselves imprisoned, their wives and children driven out of doors, and their lands wasted." This horrible punishment was actually inflicted in instances as late as the reign of "good Queen Bess," and was not formally abolished till the reign of George IV.

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* A village near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where Frederick the Great was beaten by the combined armies of Austria and Russia.

WHY DO NOT ANIMALS TALK?

They would, if they had any thing to say. There must be a very nice correspondence between the muscular construction of the mouth, the vocal apparatus at the top of the windpipe, and the brain in order to produce articulate language. None of the carnivorous animals, such as dogs, lions, tigers, cats, etc., have snug, tight-fitting lips. On the contrary, they have no circular muscle, as in man and the grass-eating animals. Their lips are pendulous, as may be noticed, sagging by their own weight, exposing some of their under-jaw teeth. Even if they had thoughts, they could not be symbolized by articulate sounds, because labials could not be produced. In the social animals the brain, in proportion to their bodies, is exceedingly small, and therefore supposed to be inadequate to mental operations beyond the manifestation of their instincts. A few birds possess an imitative faculty of copying and reproducing the voices of others, but the range of their articulation is confined to lingual sounds exclusively, because their horny beaks admit of no flexibility for varying a tone. Man alone is a talking being.

Still all animals, and even insects, have a method of making their wishes and intentions known to each other. How they do it is still a secret for which no open-sesame has been discovered. Bees, wasps, spiders, beetles, and common house-flies comprehend the meaning of their kindred associates. So do horses, oxen, cows, and all the wild animals of the forest. Wolves concert attacks requiring not only a strong force, but stratagem; and to complete any proposed expedition of a formidable character implies exact acquaintance with all the minutiæ of an expedition. How is a plan explained without words? That is a grave question.

THE SANCY DIAMOND.

The history of the Sancy diamond, like that of most other celebrated gems, is curious. It derives its name from a former possessor—one Nicholas Harlai, Seigneur of Sancy. Being anxious to raise money upon it for the aid of his prince, Henry IV., the gem was intrusted to the care of a faithful servant. The man was attacked by robbers and murdered. His master recovered the body, and, confident in his servant's fidelity, opened the stomach, where he found, as he expected, the lost treasure. He then proceeded with his original intention, and pawned it to the Jews; but he was never able to reclaim it. In 1649 it was the property of Henrietta Maria, Dowager Queen of England, from whom it passed to the Duke of York. After his abdication James II. sold it to the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., for £25,000. During the fatal days of September, 1792, the Garde Meuble was robbed of the crown jewels, and the Sancy diamond disappeared with the rest. It turned up again in 1838, when the Princess Paul Demidoff bought it from an agent of the Bourbons for £75,000. In 1866 it was for sale in London. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known Parsee, bought it for £20,000. And now, curiously enough, the Sancy diamond has returned to its native country.

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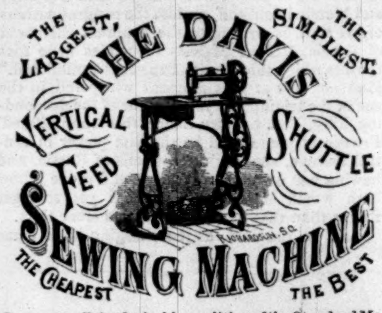

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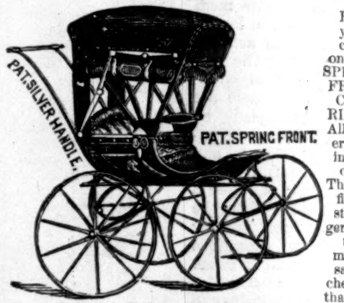
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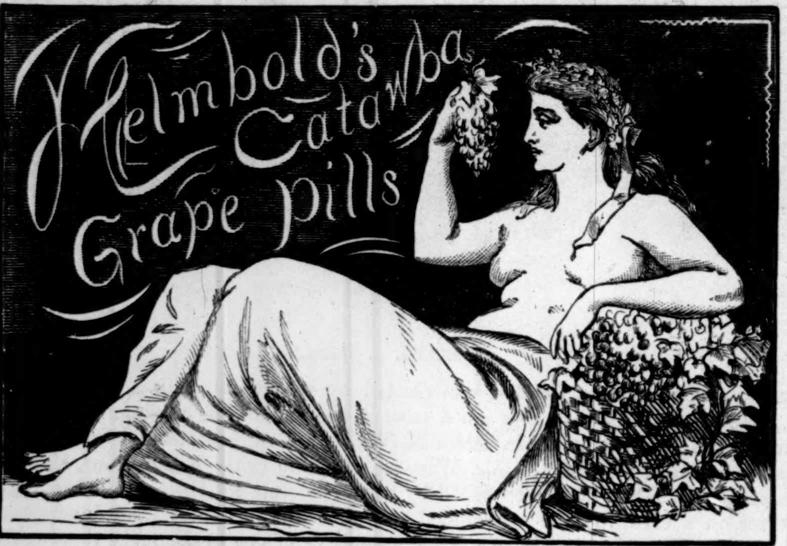

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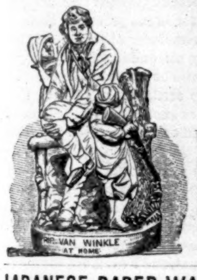

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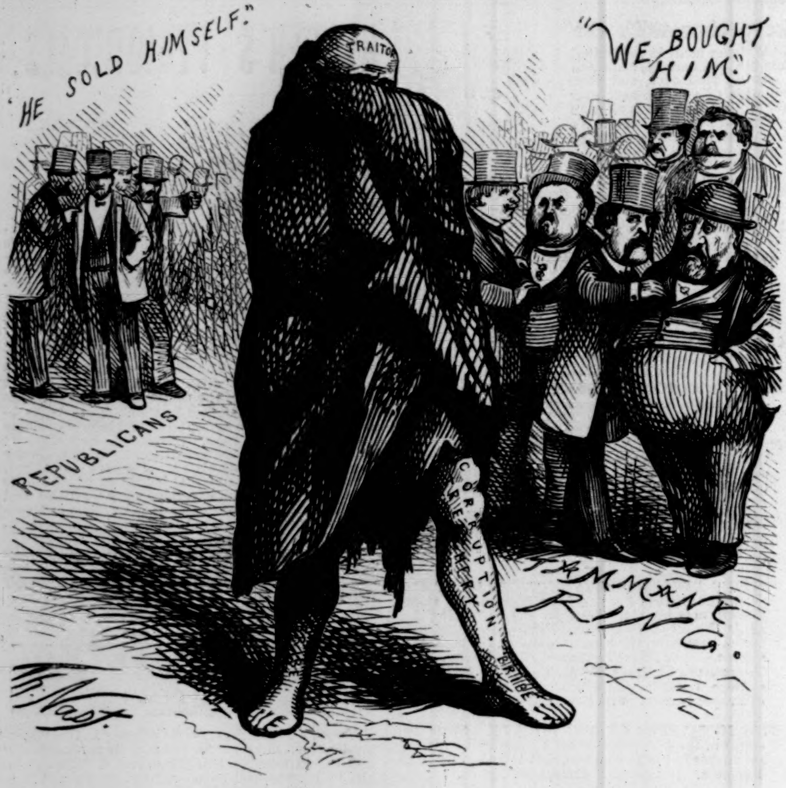

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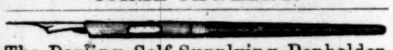

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First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

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Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

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Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents, which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20's at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

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The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7.30 Notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by redemptions	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

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MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY S. C. HALL.

THE eldest daughter and the second child of Richard Lovell Edgeworth was MARIA EDGEWORTH. Before I proceed to the few and brief details I can give concerning the subject of this "Memory," the reader will not be displeased to receive some particulars relative to her father, to whom she, and consequently the world, owed so much; for he directed her education and formed her mind; and to him, therefore, must undoubtedly be attributed much of the value of her works.

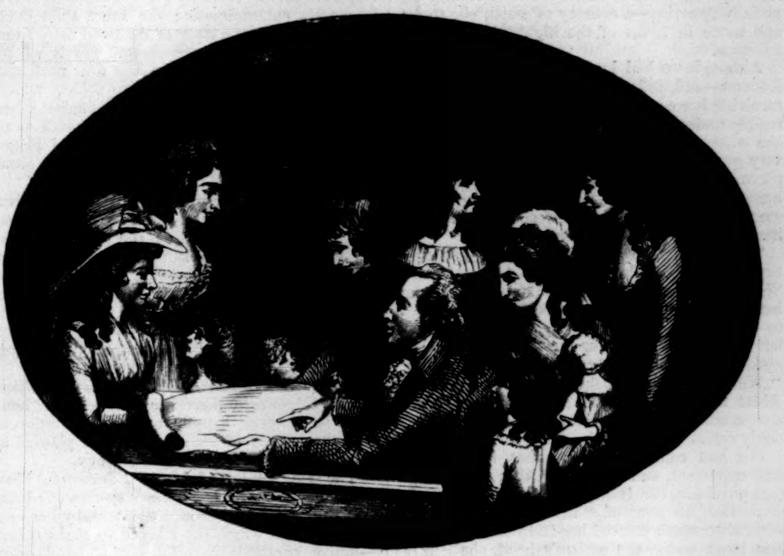
The Edgeworth family "came into Ireland" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, migrating "from Edgeware, in Middlesex." In 1732 the then representative of the family married Jane Lovell, the daughter of a Welsh judge, and their son, Richard Lovell, was born in Pierrepoint Street, Bath, in 1744. In early boyhood he was taken to Ireland, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761, being removed to Oxford the same year, and entered at Corpus Christi as gentleman commoner. "While yet a youth at college"—in 1763—he married "Miss Elers," the daughter of "his father's friend," a family that resided at Black-Bourton, not far from Oxford. She was a lady well descended, and of high connections: that is nearly all we know of her. It would appear that he respected more than he loved her: having engaged her affections, he conceived it a point of honor to become her husband. Being under age, they were "married in Scotland;" but his father, although disapproving the match, had them subsequently remarried by license. She was the mother of Maria, and many circumstances lead to the conclusion that if she lacked some of the attractions the young and gay Irishman looked for, she was thoroughly amiable, prudent, and good. A son, he tells us, was born at Black-Bourton, in 1764, and there also Maria was born, in 1767. In 1768 Mr. Edgeworth records that he visited Ireland, taking his son with him, leaving his wife and infant daughter in England.

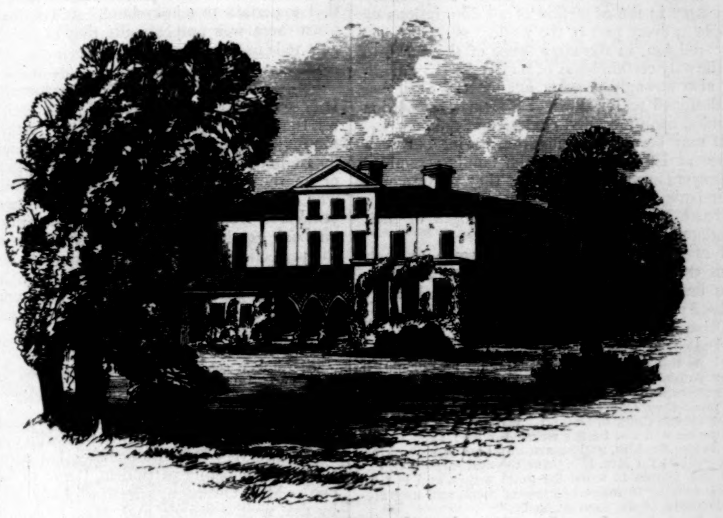
At Black-Bourton, then, Maria Edgeworth was born, in 1767; she was the daughter of an English lady, and the granddaughter of an English lady; moreover, her father was of English birth and English descent, and she was English born. Nevertheless she was, to all intents and purposes, Irish; so she must be considered, and so she considered herself.

She was born on the 1st of January (as she tells Mrs. Hall in one of her letters), a God-given "New-year's gift" to her almost boy-father, and to the world for all time.

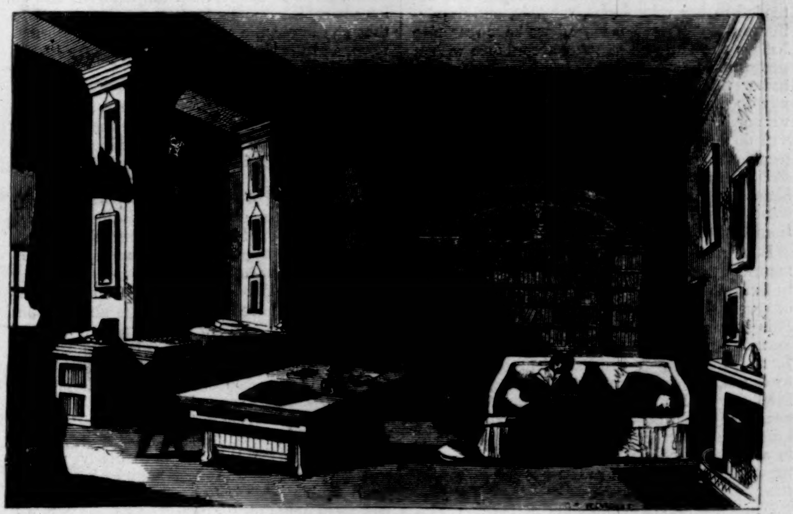
Mr. Edgeworth has not recorded the date of his first wife's death; but on the 17th of July, 1773, he was again wedded, at Lichfield, to Miss Honora Sneyd. Soon afterward they settled in Ireland, and Edgeworthstown became, with few brief intervals, thenceforward his permanent home. His second wife did not live long, but her husband bears testimony to her many virtues. Some time after her death he married her sister Elizabeth, who thus became his third wife, on Christmas-day, 1780, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. In 1798, being again a widower, he again married — Miss Frances Anne Beaufort, the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, "an excellent clergyman, and a man of taste and of literature." That admirable woman survived him many years. She was, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments;" and of "his marriage with her," Maria, writing twenty years afterward, says, "Of all the blessings we owe to him, that has proved the greatest."

In 1814 time was telling on the vigorous frame of Mr. Edgeworth. In one of his conversations with his daughter he spoke of the later years of his life as by far the happiest, and pleasantly said that, "if he were permitted to return to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should perhaps make the whimsical choice of reentering the world as an old man." His latest letter—to Lady Romilly, in 1817, when he knew he was dying, in the midst of physical suffering, resigned and cheerful—contains this passage: "I enjoy the charms of literature, the sympathy of friendship, and the unbounded gratitude of my children." His prayer had been that as long as he lived he might retain his intellectual faculties, and that blessing was mercifully granted to him. He thanked God that his mind did not die before his body. On the 13th of June, 1817, he died, and his remains were deposited in the family vault in the church-yard of Edgeworthstown, to which, in accordance with his written directions, he was borne on the shoulders of his own laborers, his coffin being "without velvet, plate, or gilding." And the stone that covers his remains contains no inscription beyond his name and the dates of his birth and death.





EDGEWORTHSTOWN.



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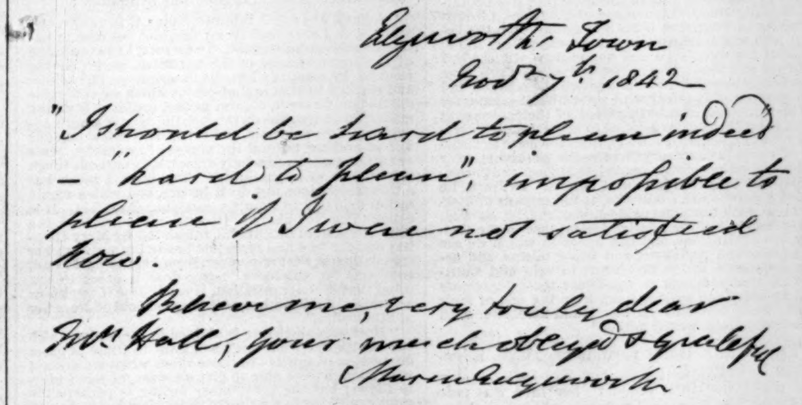
That his was "a useful and a well-spent life" there is abundant evidence. As a member of Parliament, as a county magistrate, as a landed proprietor (acknowledging the duties as well as the rights of property), he was entirely worthy; in all that appertained to his family and to society, he was considerate, generous, just; while of the influence he exercised over his own family we have the proofs not only in his own writings, but in those of his daughter. It was justly said of him,

> "With words succinct, yet full, without a fault,
> He said no more than just the thing he ought."



Edgeworth Town
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"I should be hard to please indeed — "hard to please", impossible to please if I was not satisfied now.

Believe me, very truly dear Mrs Hall, your much obliged & grateful
Maria Edgeworth

FAC-SIMILE OF MISS EDGEWORTH'S HANDWRITING.

To estimate rightly both father and daughter, some notes on the state of Ireland nearly a century ago are needful. When, in 1782, Maria may be said to have first visited Ireland, and her father became "a resident Irish landlord," the country was in a condition very different indeed from that which it now presents, and presented at the period of her removal from earth.

"If ever any country was governed by an oligarchy, Ireland was in that position before the Union:" thus Mr. Edgeworth wrote in 1817. Society was in a deeply degraded state; recklessness and extravagance were almost universal. "As landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth or award justice." A large proportion of the gentry dwelt in "superb mansions," so far as regarded size, but "lived in debt, danger, and subterfuge, nominally possessors of a palace, but really in dread of a jail." The dominant party regarded themselves as the masters of slaves; "drivers" were the satellites of every landlord; and middlemen farmed nearly all the land, taking it at a reasonable rent (paying usually in advance), and reletting it immediately to poor tenants at the highest price possible to be pressed out of their necessities. It was generally a hopeless task that which strove to make the tenant even moderately comfortable. Justice was a thing never looked for; it was always the landlord against the tenant, and the tenant against the landlord.

It is certain that Mr. Edgeworth was far in advance of his time. The poorer classes did not understand him; they were not prepared for the advent of a magistrate who required evidence only with a view to ascertain truth, nor for a gentleman who preferred rather to pay than to give, and whose established rule was to do right for right's sake; while neighboring gentry were utterly incapable of comprehending a man who was indifferent to field sports, and never drank to excess; who was faithful to his home, and happiest when his children were his playmates; who was a politician, yet of no party; whose religion was based on universal charity; and who was the protector of the poor and the advocate of the oppressed. The records of Ireland toward the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century are now happily gone-by histories; but something should be known of them to comprehend the character of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In the end he triumphed over prejudice, disarmed hostility, and set an example the salutary influence of which can scarcely be exaggerated by any historian of the perilous time in which he lived.

His life was especially valuable as forming the mind of his daughter Maria—the minds of all his children, indeed. She writes: "Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness or such advantages as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend."

At that period it absolutely required some such intelligence to usher such an intellect into the world of letters. Authorship was considered out of the province of woman; and although Mr. Edgeworth records as an astonishing fact (on the authority of Burke) that there were then actually 80,000 (!) readers in Great Britain, very few of them were of the gentler sex. He tells us that his own grandmother "was singularly averse to all learning in a lady, beyond reading the Bible and being able to cast up a week's household account," and did her best to prevent her daughter from "wasting her time upon books;" in vain, however, for she became a thoroughly educated woman, and to "her instructions and authority" her son acknowledges himself indebted for the happiness of his life.

The critic Jeffrey writes: "A greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance." There were some exceptions, no doubt, and some works that have kept their places in the hearts of millions; but "the staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature, of which it had usurped the name." The "rabble rout" of the Minerva Press was scattered as by the wand of an enchanter when this admirable woman appeared; and to her we are perhaps indebted for the "Waverley Novels," for it is avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.

The growth of Maria's mind she traces wholly to her father, and very often she humbly and gratefully acknowledges how much her writings were improved by his critical taste and matured judgment. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she writes, "I began, in 1791 or 1792, to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating;" writing also, for her own amusement and instruction, some of his conversation-lessons. In their system of educating these children "all the general ideas originated with him; the illustrating and manufacturing them, if I may use the expression, was mine." The "Practical Education" was thus a joint work of father and daughter; it was published in 1798, "and so commenced that literary partnership which, for so many years, was the pride and joy of my life." The next book they published "in partnership" was the "Essay on Irish Bulls." The illustrative anecdotes there retailed owed little to invention, and nearly all of them were facts; sometimes he told them, with racy humor and point, while she wrote them down. He was always at hand to advise, not often to write. In "Patronage" he did not pen a single passage, but the "plan" was his suggestion: it originated in a story invented by him, and the leading characters were sketched as he imagined them. "All his literary ambition was for me." His skill was exercised in "cutting." "'It is mine to cut and correct,' he once said, 'yours to write on;' and such, happily for me, was his power over my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished." In the few letters he addressed to her—for they were rarely apart even for a day—he signs himself "Your critic, partner, father, friend."

To write for children was then considered below the dignity of authorship. Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld had, indeed, thus "condescended;" but, with these exceptions, there were few or none able or willing to make their way into the minds and hearts of 'the little ones."

There is abundant evidence that much of the true greatness of Maria Edgeworth's mind, and the inestimable value of her writings, resulted from the duty which nature imposed upon her when she was placed at the head of a family consisting of children of varied ages, from infancy to youthhood. In 1814 she writes: "His eldest was above five-and-forty, the youngest being only one year old." It therefore became the duty of the eldest to train the younger branches—children who were learning to speak when she was sedate and aged. Hence that educated power by which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound moralities of life to a level with the comprehension of childhood; rendering knowledge and virtue and consideration and order the companions—almost the playthings as well as the teachers—of the nursery.

Mr. Edgeworth had sons and daughters by each of his four wives: he was their parent, their preceptor, their friend, their companion, their playmate; they lived with him on "terms of equality that diminished nothing from respect," giving to him gratitude and affection. "Those who knew him longest loved him best." "I have heard him say," writes Maria, "that he never in his whole life lost a friend but by death." And that which he wrote to Darwin, in 1796, of Edgeworthstown—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt"—continued to be as true in 1844, when we visited Edgeworthstown, as it had been half a century earlier; so it was, through all changes, anxieties, and responsibilities, during fifty years.

In 1842, not long after we had enjoyed the society of Miss Edgeworth at Edgeworthstown, and had described her and her happy home in our work—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character"—we received a letter from that honored lady, in which, to our great gratification, she wrote: "You are, I think, the only persons who have visited me, and have written concerning me, who have not printed a line I desire to erase." The feeling that prompted us then will, in a degree, guide us now. It was her wish that no Life of her should be published: as she once said to us—"My only *remains* shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown;" and, as the result of a subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Edgeworth, in which we pressed to know if the injunction extended to her voluminous, valuable, and deeply-interesting "correspondence," we have reason to believe the family desire (in accordance with a suggestion they deem as sacred as a command) rather the suppression than the publication of any documents that may illustrate either her private or her literary career. We may regret this, and do; for if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically *useful* almost from the cradle to the grave.

Edgeworthstown was, and is, a large country mansion, to which additions have been from time to time made, but made judiciously. An avenue of venerable trees leads to it from the public road. It is distant about seven miles from the town of Longford. The only room I need specially refer to is the library; it belonged more peculiarly to Maria, although the general sitting-room of the family. It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratify and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties that were subjects of her continual thought; for the desk at which she usually sat was never without memoranda of matters from which she might have pleaded a right to be held exempt. Mrs. Hall described it in our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," and I may borrow in substance that description here. It is by no means a stately, solitary room, but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and "furnished" with suggestive engravings. Seen through the window is the lawn, embellished by groups of trees. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying-point of the family, who are usually around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth—only anxious that the inmates of the house shall each do exactly as he or she pleases—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: a pen, given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown in 1825, is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed, and added to, for convenience. She had a singular power of abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and occasionally taking part in the conversation, while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it. In that corner, and on that table, she had written nearly all the works which have delighted and enlightened the world. Now and then she would rise and leave the room, perhaps to secure a toy for one of the children, to mount the ladder and bring down a book that could explain or illustrate some topic on which some one was conversing: immediately she would resume her pen, and continue to write as if the thought had been unbroken for an instant. I expressed to Mrs. Edgeworth surprise at this faculty, so opposed to my own habit. "Maria," she said, "was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, every thing so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer."

She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; "popping" in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy. The impression thus produced upon us is as vivid today as it was thirty years ago.

A wet day was a "godsend" to us. She would enter our sitting-room and converse freely of persons whose names are histories; and once she brought us a large box full of letters—her correspondence with many great men and women, extending over more than fifty years—authors, artists, men of science, social reformers, statesmen of all the countries of Europe, and especially America—a country of which she spoke and wrote in terms of the highest respect and affection.

Although we had known Miss Edgeworth in London—and, indeed, had often the honor of receiving her as a guest at our house—it will be readily understood how much more to advantage she was seen in her own home. She was the very gentlest of lions, the most unexacting—apparently the least conscious of her right to prominence. In London she did not reject, yet she seemed averse to, the homage accorded her; at home she was emphatically at home.

The last time we saw her was at the house of her sister, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street. She was, of course, a centre of attraction; the heated room and many "presentations" seemed to weary her. *We*, of course, were seldom near her in the crowd, and as we were bidding her good-by she made us amends by whispering, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." Alas! that was not to be; not long afterward she returned to Edgeworthstown, and was suddenly called from earth.

She had complained somewhat, felt languid and oppressed, and consented that her friend and physician, Sir Henry Marsh, should be sent for. Half an hour after the letter was written Mrs. Edgeworth entered her bedroom. Passing her hand under the patient's head, she gently raised it, and as it reclined on her breast the soul passed away. She died, without either physical or mental suffering, on the 22d May, 1849, in the eighty-third year of her useful and happy life, "full of years and honors" indeed.[*] Thus far her death was almost sudden; in her case a boon of mercy from the God she had so long served. She had often expressed a hope that she might die "at home," at Edgeworthstown, and that her illness might not be long, tedious, and troublesome.

It is to be regretted that there exists no portrait of this admirable woman. A hint I gave, that to obtain one would be a vast boon, was not well received, and there was some hesitation in permitting Mr. Fairholt, who was our companion during our visit to Edgeworthstown, to introduce into his drawing of the library her portrait as she sat at her desk examining papers: that sketch I have engraved. Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth gave me, however, a photograph of a family picture, of which also I give an engraving.

Her contemporaries have not said much concerning her; indeed, of late years she was but little seen out of Edgeworthstown, her visits to London being rare and brief. It is known that Sir Walter Scott much loved and honored her; yet there is little concerning her in his journal, although he spent some days with her at Edgeworthstown.[†] "She writes," he says, "all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks;" and, in another place, "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humored ardor of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." She was well appreciated by Sydney Smith, who thus wrote of her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." This passage, however, I find in "Lockhart's Life of Scott:"

> "It may be well imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true immortal honors. In Maria he hailed a sister-spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem to vain and short-sighted eyes sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Maria Edgeworth in 1842: In person she was very small—she was "lost in a crowd;" her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well-bred—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness—that one never thought of her with reference either to beauty or plainness; she ever occupied, without claiming, attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue—very blue—eyes increased the value of every word she uttered; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened; she was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost child-like; in a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty.

Miss Edgeworth has been called "cold;" but those who have so deemed her have never seen, as I have (Mrs. Hall writes), the tears gather in her eyes at a tale of suffering or sorrow, nor heard the genuine hearty laugh that followed the relation of a pleasant story. Never, so long as I live, can I forget the evenings spent in her library in the midst of a family highly educated and self-thinking, in conversation unrestrained, yet pregnant with instructive thought.

Of the *twenty-two* children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth there are but two now left; there is, however, happily, another generation to reap the harvest of the seed that was planted at Edgeworthstown nearly a century ago.

The long career of Maria Edgeworth illustrated her own and her father's system of education—practical education. She was, by her own example, that which she labored to make others—active, energetic, cheerful, ever at hand, every where when needed.

It was—and possibly still is—made a charge against the Edgeworths, that they put aside "religion" from their plans of education. The subject is certainly not prominent in their writings, but Mr. Edgeworth emphatically affirms his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world," and considered "religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society." His daughter also strongly protests against the idea that he designed to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.[*]

It may be worth noting that during our residence at Edgeworthstown the family assembled at prayers every morning, that they were regular attendants at the parish church, and that other evidence was supplied of the strength of their religious faith.

I may be permitted to make some extracts from the few of her letters we have preserved. The first is a passage from one dated January 2, 1848; it concerns her little book for the young, "Orlandino:"

> "Chambers, as you always told me, acts very liberally. As this was to earn a little money for our parish poor in the last year's distress, he most considerately gave prompt payment. Even before publication, when the proof-sheets were under correction, came the ready order on the Bank of Ireland. Blessings on him! and I hope he will not be the worse for me: I am surely the better for him, and so are numbers now working and eating; for Mrs. E.'s principle and mine is to excite the people to work for good wages, and not by gratis feeding to make beggars of them, and ungrateful beggars, as the case might be."
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> * * * *
>
> "I do not deserve the very kind, warm-hearted letter I have just received from you, dear Mrs. Hall; but I prize and like it all the better—so little standing upon ceremony, and so cordially off-hand and from the heart. Thank you for it with all *my* heart, and be assured it gave me heartfelt pleasure, and this I know will please you."

I copy a passage from one of the criticisms on her contemporaries, in which she sometimes indulged in her letters to Mrs. Hall, all marked by sound observation and generous sympathy:

> "A book has much interested me; it is unlike any other book I ever read in my life, and yet true to nature in new circumstances. To be sure, I can not judge of the circumstances or the narrative, never having been in the country; but the descriptions full of life, and marked by that seal of genius which we recognize the instant we see it, obtains perfect credence from the reader, and hurries us on through the most romantic adventures, still domestic, and confined to a few persons not in number beyond the power of sympathy. One or two, the most powerfully drawn, may perhaps touch the bounds of impossibility. The book I mean has a title which does not do it justice, and which would rather lead one to expect a gossiping chronicle. It is called 'The Neighbors.' Its author, I understand, is a Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, translated by Mary Howitt; and the best and most just praise I can give to her translation is, that one never, from beginning to end, recollects her existence: never does it occur to our mind that it is a translation. Pray tell me if you know any thing of this author, and how I should address her at Stockholm."
>
> "How very much one is obliged to the genius which can snatch one from one's self away in times of great depression of spirits—at those times when we are not wise enough to be able to give *a reason for particularly liking;* but the involuntary feeling is perhaps the most gratifying to a writer of benevolent heart, as well as superior genius."

She was with Sir Walter Scott when he visited Killarney. There had been a rumor that the great author had been treated with slight during his visit to the Irish Lakes, and that he had spoken of them with contumely; I thought it right to set that question at rest. The following letter is now before me. She writes:

> "EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *June* 18, 1843.
>
> "My sister, Harriet Butler, and I were in the boat with Sir Walter Scott the day, and the only day, when he was on the Killarney Lakes. We heard him declare that he thought the Upper Lake the most beautiful he had ever seen, excepting Loch Lomond; more could not by mortal tongue be expressed by a Scotsman. I did not hear him find fault, or say that he was disappointed, during the whole row. He appeared pleased and pleasing; and why any people should have imagined he was not, I can not imagine. 'Rude,' I am sure, he was not; he could not be. We were sorry that we could not stay another day; but all experienced travelers know full well that they must give up their wishes to previous arrangements and engagements, and that they must cut their plans and pleasures according to their time and promises. As to the affair of the stag-hunt, I can only say that *I* received no invitation to see one; that *we* did not receive any; that I heard at the time that a stag-hunt would not be offered to us, because the stag-hounds belonged to some near relation of a gentleman much respected in the country, who had just died suddenly, and was not buried. I recollect passing by the gates of his place, and seeing two men in deep mourning, with weepers, sitting on each side of the gate. As I had never before seen this custom, I made inquiry, and was told why they mourned, and who for; and this confirmed and fixed in my memory what I have above mentioned."[*]

I have quoted from the last letter Mrs. Hall received from Miss Edgeworth; it may be permitted me to make an extract from the first, dated July 30, 1829, in reference to Mrs. Hall's earliest literary production, "Sketches of Irish Character:"

> "It has been sometimes my fate to have gratitude and sincerity struggling within me when I have begun a letter of thanks to authors; I have no such struggle now, but with pleasure unmixed, and perfect freedom of mind and ease of conscience, I write to *you*. The 'Sketches of Irish Character' are, in my opinion, admirable for truth, pathos, and humor; *all* the sketches show complete knowledge of the persons and things represented, and some of the portraits are drawn with uncommon strength, and with more decided and *fine* touches, which mark a masterly hand."

I may quote this generous tribute to a writer concerning Ireland who was then entering a career from which Miss Edgeworth was about to retire. There are other parts of the letter I abstain from quoting; but the reader of this Memory will readily appreciate the effect on the then young author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

Although it forms no part of our plan in this series of "Memories" to bring under review the works of the authors we commemorate, it is impossible to treat of Maria Edgeworth without some observations on the influence of her writings. She had one great advantage over almost all others—*she never wrote for bread;* she was never *compelled* to furnish a publisher with so much matter at so much per sheet. In her home there was always independence—entire freedom from debt, and with few responsibilities beyond those that appertain to a household. At Edgeworthstown there was emphatically that of which the poet tells us—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

It is to their honor that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage; they were deemed exceptions who did honor to their country; and although a *gentleman* from Ireland, in contradistinction to an *Irish* gentleman, was considered every where the perfection of grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy, there were, unhappily, too many "specimens" who gave force to prejudice and confounded the all with the many. Churchill wrote, more than a century ago—

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few."

When prejudice was at its height—about the time of "the Union"—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, "rose to the rescue"—Miss Owenson, afterward Lady Morgan, by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating suspicion, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals. Neither of these eminent and greatly endowed ladies did by any means ignore the faults, serious or trivial, of their countrymen and countrywomen; but they made conspicuous their virtues, maintained their right to respect and their claim to consideration, and succeeded in obtaining verdicts in their favor from adverse judges and reluctant juries.

It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman. Her works are "not for an age, but for all time." They were marvels in her day, two-thirds of a century ago, when either coarseness or frivolity was too generally the staple of the author. Her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, yet she was of no party, even in that age and country. She had enlarged sympathies and views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry touched her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word; a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy; a perfect woman—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, genius gave to her the rare power to be useful during seventy of her eighty-three years. Her life was, indeed, a practical illustration of Milton's lines—

"To know
That which about us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

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[*] In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall (who wrote to her on her birthday every year during several years) she says, "Your cordial, warm-hearted note was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family." That was the last birthday she passed on earth. She adds: "You must not delay long in finding your way to Edgeworthstown if you mean to see me again. Remember, you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday."

[†] During Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford, in 1823, previous to the return visit to Edgeworthstown, an incident occurred that has been stated of others, I believe. Miss Edgeworth herself told us that one moonlight night she proposed to Scott to visit Melrose, quoting his famous lines—

"If you would see Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott at once assented, adding, "By all means let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight."

[*] Robert Hall, after greatly praising her writings, laments that they are without even allusion to Christianity: "She does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it."

[*] The matter-of-fact mind of Maria Edgeworth receives illustration from the following letter which she required her sister to write:

"DEAR MRS. HALL,—My recollection of the circumstances mentioned by my sister at Killarney, in 1825, exactly coincides with hers. I remember our being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag-hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning. Yours truly,

"HARRIET BUTLER.

"TRIM, 19*th June*, '43."

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I SNEERED when I heard the old priest complain
That the doomed seemed voiceless and dull of brain;
For why should the felon be other than dumb
As he stands at the gate of the world to come?
Let them lock up his Reverence here in the cell,
Waiting the sound of the morning bell
That heralds his dying and tolls his knell,
And the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock
Will attract him more than the holiest prayer
That ever was mingled with dungeon air.

Will it never be morning—never arise
The great red sun in the cold gray skies,
Thrusting its rays in my iron-barred cell,
And lighting the city I know so well?
Is this horrible night forever to be—
The phantom I feel, though I can not see—
Is that to be ever alone with me?
Will the tick-tock
Of the ceaseless clock
Beat forever through brain and heart
Till the tortured soul from the body part?

And now in the darkness surrounding me
A hundred figures I plainly see;
And there are my mother's pitying eyes—
Why does *she* from her grave arise?
And there, on the crowd's extremest rim—
Gashed of throat, and supple of limb—
Why, what do I want to-day with *him*?
To the tick-tock
Of the pitiless clock
His body is swaying, slowly and free,
While his shadowy finger points at me.

Will it never be here—the dawn of the day,
When the law is to carry my life away;
And the gaping crowd, with their pitiless eyes,
Stand eager to see how the doomed one dies?
Nothing to scatter the terrible gloom
That fills up the arched and the grated room;
Nothing to herald the hour of doom
But the tick-tock
Of the weariless clock,
And the tread of the tired policeman's feet
As he steadily paces the echoing street?

At last the deep darkness is melting away
At the corpse-like light on the face of the day;
I hear the prisoners move in their cells,
I hear the chiming of morning bells,
The rattle of carts in the streets once more,
The careful tread on the stony floor
Of the sheriff, who comes to the grated door,
And the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the whispered words of the keepers around,
And every whisper a thunder-sound.

What mocking is this in the formal demand,
In the mighty name of the law of the land,
For the body of him who is doomed to die
In the face of men, and beneath the sky?
I am safe in your thrall, but pinion me well;
I might be desperate—who can tell?—
As I march to the sound of the clanging bell,
The tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the voice of the priest as he mumbles a prayer,
And the voices that murmur around me there.

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR COUSIN.

THERE were few people more respected in the neighborhood than Mattie Todhunter, of Loanin' Head. Left a widow while still almost a young woman, with a large family of boys and girls to bring up and but a poor hungry farm of many acres and small produce to do it on, she had proved both her prudence and her skill in that she had settled up things quite as well, if not better, than her master would have done had he lived—while the management of her children, if rough and something more, had been at least so far successful that those who had lived were as fine a set of lads and lasses as could be found in the whole country side. As for those who had died—well, poor things, they were better off as they were; and if they might have been kept alive by milder measures and greater care, what would have been the use of it?—a wantle feckless set they would have been, in all probability, and there was no doing at Loanin' Head with such like. Life there was too hard and bleak for hivy children; and so, out of the eleven which Mattie had borne to Isaac—she always regretted not making up the round dozen—but five remained in life at this present time, and six were under the sod in Whelpo church-yard.

And of all the five remaining, Mark, the eldest son, and Isabella, the youngest daughter, were the only ones at home. Grace was practicing the millinery in Carlisle; Josep was prentice to a draper in Liverpool; and the youngest of all, "lile Cuddy," as he was called, was learning how to saw and plane and make joists and rabbets at old Greystoke's, the joiner's, at Whelpo. But Mark was his mother's man, who would take the farm after her, and live there as his father and forbears had lived before him. And Mark was his mother's favorite; and perhaps the more so because he was far-away more of a Postlethwaite than a Todhunter, and favored her family in mind as well as in body; and Mattie was a true Postlethwaite, and was proud of her blood, as a woman should be. Not that she was aught but proud of her dead husband. Still, the Todhunters had not quite such a steady name nor such a long back-look as the Postlethwaites. It was only fifty years ago that they had been forced to sell Holme Croft, the best bit of land they had; and the Postlethwaites had bought it at public roup. So that the Postlethwaite folk had always a certain feeling that they stood higher than the Todhunters; and Mattie had never quite lost her sense of family in her wifehood, or concealed it from herself that she might, an she would, have done better than Isaac.

Accordingly she loved Mark more, because he was most of a Postlewait, as she called him, and favored his grandfather, old Jacob, more than any of the bairns.

But though her husband Isaac had been in a certain sense a failure, in that he had been a short-lived man—dying when scarcely well into his forties of consumption, for all his six foot one and three-quarters in his stocking feet, his breadth of square-set shoulder, and fist like a shoulder of mutton, as they used to say—yet Mattie had never thought of mending her broken life by taking any one else as his successor. She put on her deep-bordered widow's cap when her master died, and she had never taken it off since, and never would. It was sixteen years ago now, but she wore her crape, and her weeds, and bombazine for best, as faithfully as if it had been only yesterday; and he would have been a bold man who should have asked her to have doffed them to meet him at the church door.

But there was one thing in Mattie's life, honorable as it was, that she never aired in public. We all have our skeletons, and she had hers. This was a sister, pretty lile Ruth, or "Postlewait Ruth," as she was generally called, who years ago had gone off when she was only a slip of a lass of sixteen, with a young collegian who had come down to read, as they do in parties, at the Long Vacation. No one had ever seen her again, or had tried to find her. She had gone, and she had written to say that she had gone; and that was all. Had she been foolish with any one at home, keeping company over close and getting into trouble in consequence, why then her father would have kept her and the bairn without an angry word. He might not have liked it, perhaps; but young folks will be young folks, and may be he would have gotten them wedded by time; when it would have been all dead and done with as if it had never happened. But to go right clean away from home with a stranger, a gentleman, a mealy-mouthed, false-faced Southerner, was more than Jacob Postlethwaite's pride could bear. On the day when the letter came, he called his household together and bade them never mention lile Ruth again—to think of her as one dead, and to "ask nowt about her from this day for'ard, for they'd never hear nowt, whatever they asked." So poor lile Ruth's name was blotted out from the family book, and no one ever knew more about her.

It was thought, however, that Jacob had had word of her, for a letter certainly did come to him from London in her handwriting. But whatever it was, he never let on to any body: and by degrees the girl's name and story ceased to interest folk, and she passed out of existence altogether—so much so, indeed, that none of Mattie's children knew they had an aunt at all; for our Northern folk are rare hands at keeping a secret when they have one, and don't show its skirt-corners out of brag, and to let on they have something their neighbors would like to know of.

Perhaps though, Mattie, who had a good stout heart of her own, and was, as we have seen, proud of her blood, never quite forgot the little sister she had loved so well in those old days—how far and yet how near they seemed to be!—and though she had no romantic ideas of finding her out, she had many a hard wrestle in prayer that God would send her back to her old home at Fellneuk once more before she died, and let the mystery about her be cleared up, and her fair fame with it. Ah! one's longings are never satisfied in the way in which one would have them; if at all, only crosswise, as it were, and by implication, not directly.

One day Mattie was busy skimming the milk. Mark had been over to Carlisle with beasts to sell; it was market-day, and he went over on market-days whether he had aught to sell or not. And he brought back a letter. Now, letters were scarce things at Todhunters'. Sometimes, to be sure, Joseph would write from Liverpool, and sometimes Mattie would get a word from a brother of hers over at Arran, but not often; so that when Mark brought out, with the tea and coffee and rice he had got at "Carel," a letter addressed to "Mrs. Todhunter" in a fine, pointed, female hand, with a deep black border, they both sat looking at it all round, guessing all sorts of things, before they thought of opening it.

When Mattie did open it, she thought she should have fallen off her chair at the first words—"Dear Aunt." The letter was signed Laura Matilda Calhoun, and was from lile Ruth's daughter—Mattie's own sister's child—to tell her that her mother was dead, and that she was left alone in the world, an orphan. "Belike then t' father's deed," muttered Mattie, sagaciously. And that, as it was her mother's last wish that she should go down to Cumberland to see her relations, she was preparing to fulfill her desire: so the next day would find her at Carlisle; and would they send a fly or their carriage to meet her?

"Mother, is t' lass daft?" said Mark, raising his blue eyes to his mother's face uneasily.

"I doubt not, lad," she answered.

"But mother, thou isn't nae t'ant!" said the young man again; "thou hastn't niver a sister that I'se heerd tell on."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mattie, wiping her eyes.

And then she made a clean breast of it, and told Mark the whole sad story, and how Jacob had sworn them all, and how they never knew what had become of Ruth till now—and now she was dead! And then she wept and rocked herself backward and forward in her chair for sorrow at the past which could never come back again.

"But t' lass wha talks of our carridge?" said Mark, interrogatively.

"She maun coom, Mark—my ain sister's child, and nae father nor mither to care for her—she maun coom; though I misdoubt me badly she'll find our ways nobbut rough after her Lunnon fashions. But she maun larn; and if she divn't like it, puir lass, she maun just lump it."

"Dang it all, but it's a boddersome job!" said Mark, very quietly. And then he went to look after his beasts, and Mattie saw him no more till supper.

The next day it was agreed that Mark should go over to Carlisle and take the spring-cart with him for his cousin, Laura Calhoun. He was shy, was Mark; a big, square-shouldered, blue-eyed, fair-haired young fellow, rough and awkward as a tyke, but as handsome as a Greek god: by no means of an aristocratic type on the outside of him, with his large red hands innocent of gloves, his feet coarsely shod in clumsy country clogs, his "bettermer" clothes for courtesy—but the rustic, emphatically the rustic, raw, unkempt, and unpolished throughout—and yet he was good, brave, pure, and handsome. Such as he was, however, he drove over to Carlisle in the spring-cart, and went straight to the railway station to meet his cousin Laura.

"But hoo's I to ken her?" he thought to himself; and he puzzled over the problem all the way he went. Mattie could give him no sign by which to recognize her niece; and, with the thoughtlessness of youth, she had not described herself. So he had to trust to chance and good luck, which no genuine Cumbrian holds worth a pinch of salt.

At the station there was a crowd, as usual, and many people got out. Some were claimed by their friends and taken into loving custody forthwith; some were evidently at home, and walked away by themselves; and thus, after the gradual winnowing had been gone through, it came to pass that one young lady alone was left keeping guard over a dressing-case, a loose railway-rug, a bundle of wraps, countless parasols and umbrellas, and a traveling-bag. She was a young, slight girl, dressed in deep mourning, and she stood by the door of a first-class carriage, looking about her with a wistful, desolate air, as if she had come from the clouds and did not know what to do on solid earth.

Mark came bashfully up to where she stood. He glanced at the labels on her packages, and read "Miss Calhoun, passenger," written in a bold male hand. Yes, it was herself, sure enough; a grand young lady, all covered with crape and beads, and a cockelty little hat set on the top of her nose, and a great cascade of light brown hair half down her back, and two big blue eyes, the color of wood-violets—Mark's were the color of turquoise—and a dainty little mouth as red as a damask rose, the only bits of color about her. Yes, it was Miss Calhoun, his cousin Laura, sure enough; and gude sakes, but she was fine!

Mark involuntarily touched his hat.

"Are ye Miss Calhoun?" he asked.

"Oh, thanks, yes," said that young lady. "Have you come from Mrs. Todhunter's for me?"

"Yes," said Mark.

"Will you please see to my luggage?" said Laura. "I have three boxes and a carpet-bag, and these things here. Will you take these wraps, please, and this dressing-case. Be careful of the dressing-case, and do not let it swing too much."

Mark did as he was bid, and didn't wonder very much. It seemed quite natural that the young lady should treat him as a servant, cousins though they were, and he dreaded the moment when she would have to be told their relationship.

"Maybe ye'd better come yoursel and see til yer boxes wid me," he said, awkwardly. "I divn't ken them, ye know."

The young lady thought her aunt's man the slowest and stupidest she had seen for many a day; but she went with him all the same, and pointed out her luggage. And then, by way of a covert expression of surprise at his stupidity, she asked, a little sharply, "Are you Mrs. Todhunter's servant?"

"Nae, I'se her son," said Mark, blushing to his ears.

"Her son! what, my cousin!" cried Laura, with a kind of scream.

"Yes," said Mark, and looked as if he wished he could have said no.

Laura had turned even whiter than she was before, and for a moment she felt as if she should faint. But she recovered herself enough to stammer out, "I am very sorry; I did not know."

"Hoo suld ye?" said Mark, stolidly. "Ye'd niver seed me afore; and if ye took me for t' man when I'se t' master, what's a body the warse?"

And with that he shouldered one of the boxes, and shouted out to a lounging porter hard by, "Here, Joe, bring yon til t' cart, and look sharp, will te!—I doubt, miss," he added, turning to Laura, "that t' cart willn't tak them a', an' we mun leave t' rest for Bobby."

"Oh, I can't leave any!" cried Laura, in great tribulation. "Leave them to Bobby?" she then said. "What do you mean?"

"T' carrier wha cooms Wednesdays, Whelpo way"—it was now Friday—said Mark. "Ye see for yersel', miss, we canna tak them a'; and which 'll ye be pleased to have?"

He spoke to her as a lady, not as his cousin, and he did not look at her while he spoke; for which Laura was grateful, if—knowing the face he refrained from—surprised. After a great deal of feminine hesitation and anguish of soul concerning her toilet generally, and what she could best do without—but it seemed to her as if she could do but badly without any thing—Laura designated the boxes which might be left, and then went outside the station to the carriage that was to convey her to Loanin' Head.

At first she could not believe that she had to get up into a cart with a board across it—a thing such as the laundress used to come in for the clothes—such as butchers drive—such as she had seen filled with low men and women, shouting along the road on race-days. But there was no help for it; she was beginning to realize that the whole thing was a gigantic mistake, but she was in the midst of it now, and must go on with it to the end.

She did not make any objection, then, after her first wonder-struck "that thing?" but got into the cart—with difficulty truly, but with as good a grace as she could command—and they jolted off in silence.

The way seemed interminable to Laura. There were fifteen good miles between Carlisle and Loanin' Head, but to the weary, frightened, disappointed London girl they seemed to lengthen out to twice twenty. The rough motion of the cart was almost intolerable to her, tired as she was already with the long railway journey; the heavy hills they had to climb terrified her for the sake of the horse; the steep pitches they forged down with a loose rein and a shambling trot terrified her still more for her own neck; and when they came to a wide, bleak, desolate moor, where the evening wind blew sharp and keen, and where not a human habitation was to be seen, she actually wept behind her veil, shivering with cold and dread together.

But Mark was obtuse; and though he shook up an old piece of sacking that was at the bottom of the cart and wanted to wrap it round her shoulders, he did not see the tears, and he never dreamed of her state of mind as possible in any human being. The moor was his friend, his home. Backed by blue fells golden with gorse and purple with heather, alive with birds and beasts, and yielding a rich supply of bracken for litter and the like, he had learned to love the wide bleak plain; and he thought it as bonny, ay, and bonnier than the tastiest spot Keswick way or out by Penrith yonder. So Laura wept unregarded; and Mark broke the silence by short remarks, such as "Yon's Falcon Crag," or "Here's t' heed o' Skiddaw," or "Yon trees is Jackson's Place; Knocker Hoose, they call it," and the like. To all of which she gave a lady-like show of attention, too cold, however, to quite satisfy the Cumberland lad, enthusiastic over nothing but his home.

At last they saw a patch of green fields, with a gray, low, stone house set close under the fell. Stone fences surrounded and divided the land, but not a tree grew near the place. A few cows and a horse or two were grazing in the fields. Some sheep were dotted over the fells. As they drove nearer, an array of collies rushed out, barking loudly; and then they jolted on to a bit of rough, cobble-paved lane, and into a rough, cobble-paved inclosure: and Mark said, "There's t' hame, Miss Laura," which he pronounced Lowra, and said for the first time.

An elderly, weather-beaten woman, clad in rusty black, and wearing a large widow's cap, came to the door: behind her peeped a giggling, untidy girl of seventeen or thereabouts.

"Ye're welcome, my lass," said Mattie, kindly, as she took the girl in her arms and lifted her bodily out of the cart, pressing her against her broad bosom so vigorously that she hurt the lithe, soft creature with her wooden busk.

"Are you my aunt?" said Laura, opening her eyes very wide.

"Ay, that is I!" was Mattie's answer, with another hug; and Laura, at this, gave way in real earnest, and for cold, weariness, disgust, and disappointment, burst into a wild and stormy hysterical flood of tears which seemed as if they would never end.

"Let her loze!" said Mattie to the rest, who stood by and gaped. "Let her loze, puir lass! I'se like to greet mysel! Puir lile Ruth—bonny lile lass! and she's the very marras of her mother! Eh, my lass, but thou's come to thy hame here. T' Almighty mak' it blessed till thee!"

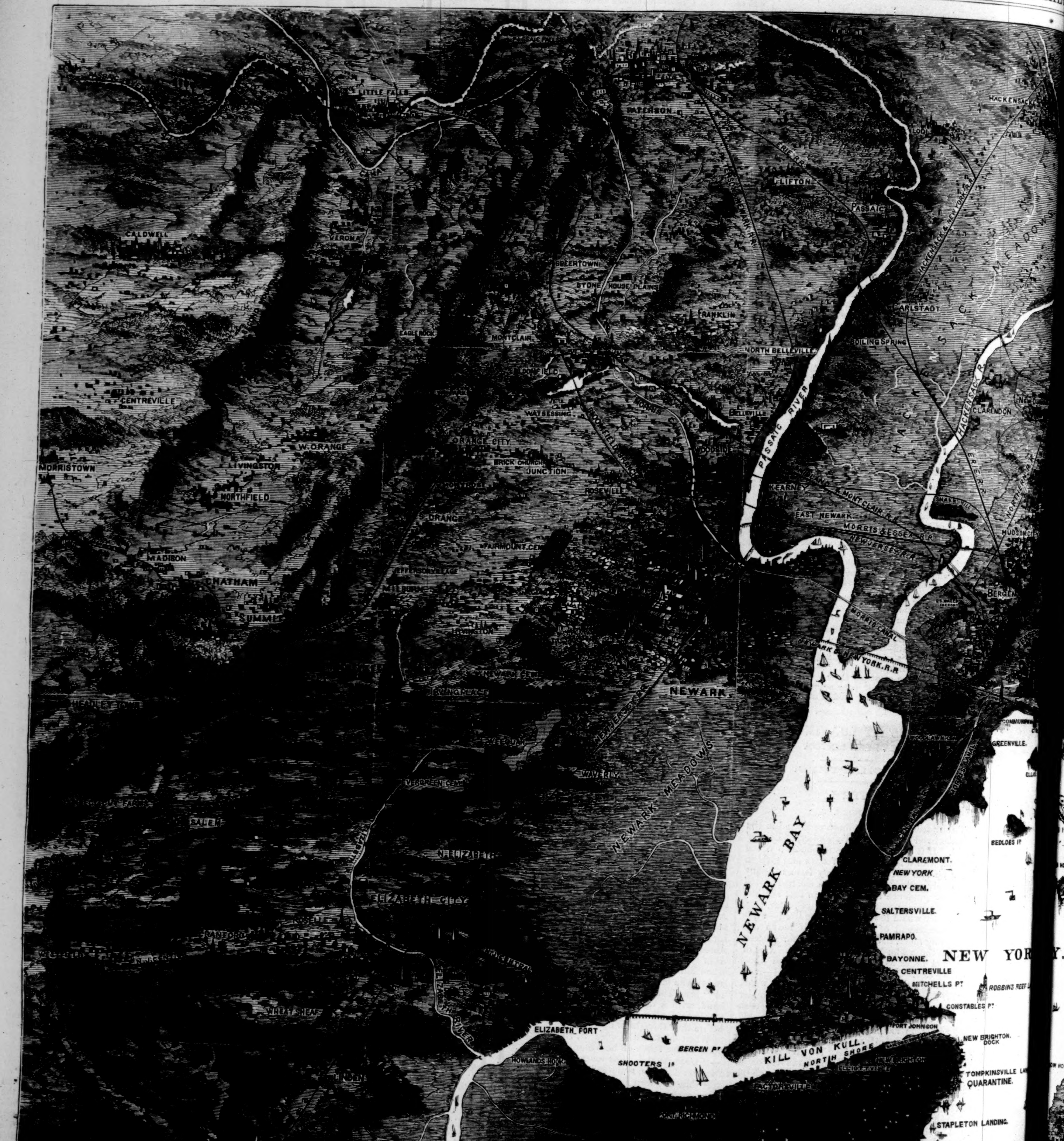
THE GEORGES.

THE four English Georges have had their fair share of abuse in one way or another, though probably never in a more concentrated form than in this epigram:

"George the First was reckoned
Vile, and viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth *descended*,
God be praised, the Georges ended!"

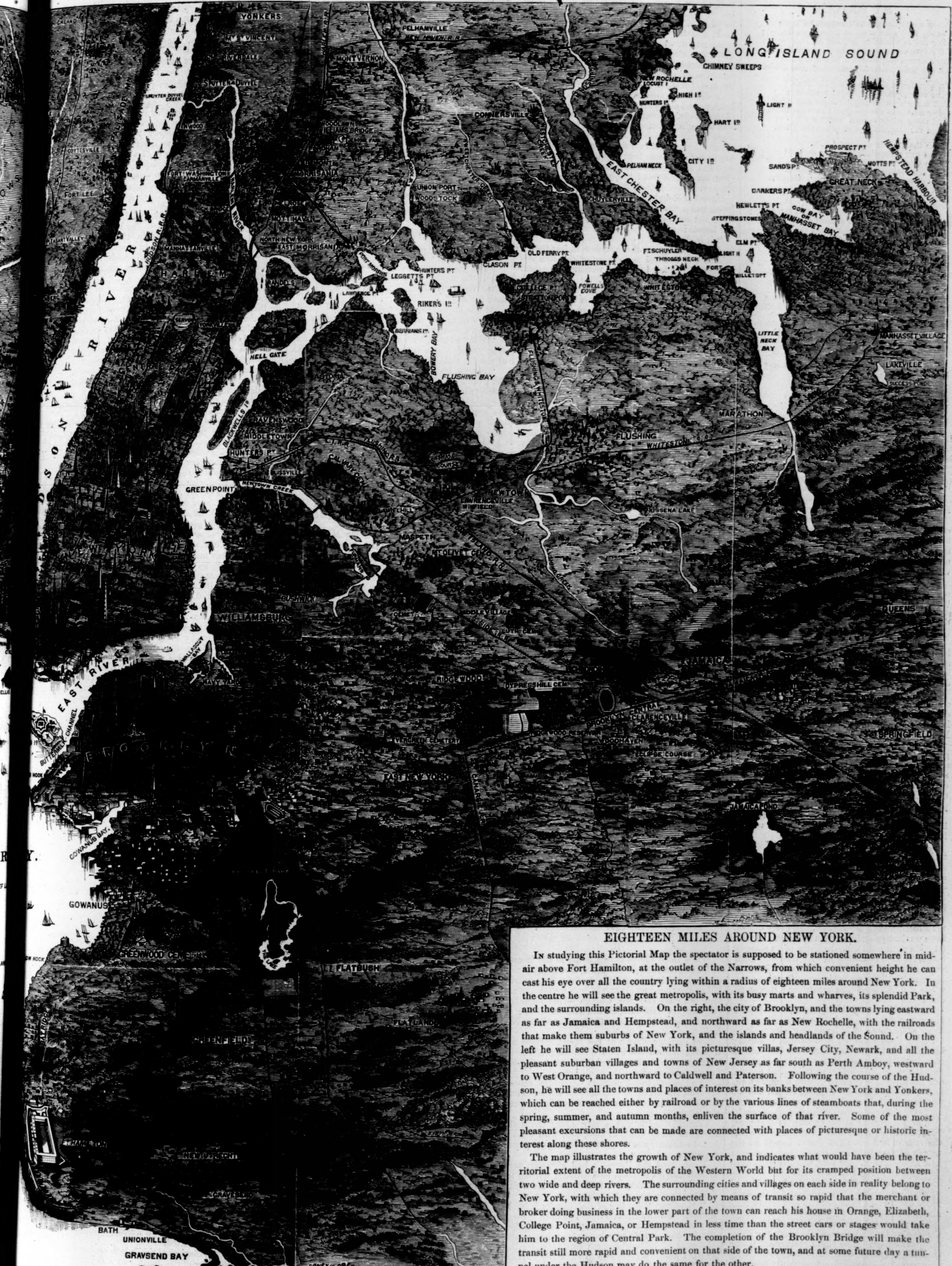
THE BAGPIPE.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the melody of the time-honored bagpipe; but the claim of the bagpipe to be the national instrument of the Scotch is never disputed. An honor willingly to be spared, says some English Midas, who has no ear for its bewitching strains. But, after all, the bagpipe was not so long ago an English institution. The English were the original bagpipers. During the sixteenth century the bagpiper was a regular functionary on the establishments of the English sovereigns and nobles, while no such musician was found at the Scottish court. James I. used to play the bagpipe; but he learned it, among his other accomplishments, in England. The harp, till within very recent times, has been the national instrument of Scotland. In fact, the bagpipe, save in the Highlands, has never been very popular in that country. In 1630 the magistrates of Aberdeen issued the following suggestive order: "The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town, at night or in the morning, in time coming, with his pipe; it brings an uncivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burghe, and being often found fault with, as well by sundry neighbours of the town as by strangers." The truth, however, seems to be that this much-praised and much-abused instrument belongs to no one in particular. It is found all over Europe at the present day, and its antiquity is undeniable. Representations of it have been found in ancient Greek sculpture; and one learned Italian has written a long treatise on the bagpipe to prove that it was used in Greece at the Nemean games, and in Palestine in the Jewish synagogues. Whether the individual who first invented it conferred a lasting blessing on posterity is another question.


LITTLE FALLS
PATERSON
HACKENSACK
CLIFTON
PASSAIC
CALDWELL
VERONA
STONE HOUSE PLAINS
FRANKLIN
CARLSTADT
BOILING SPRING
NORTH BELLEVILLE
MONTCLAIR
BLOOMFIELD
CENTREVILLE
WATSESSING
BELLEVILLE
CLARENDON
W. ORANGE
ORANGE CITY
BRICK CHURCH
JUNCTION
MORRISTOWN
LIVINGSTON
NORTHFIELD
ROSEVILLE
KEARNEY
EAST NEWARK
MORRIS & ESSEX R.R.
NEW JERSEY R.R.
MADISON
CHATHAM
SUMMIT
ORANGE
FAIRMOUNT CEM.
IRVINGTON
BERGEN
MORRIS CANAL
NEWARK & NEW YORK R.R.
NEWARK
WAVERLY
NEWARK MEADOWS
NEWARK BAY
PASSAIC RIVER
HACKENSACK R.
HACKENSACK MEADOWS
GREENVILLE
BEDLOES Id
CLAREMONT.
NEW YORK
BAY CEM.
SALTERSVILLE.
PAMRAPO.
BAYONNE.
CENTREVILLE
MITCHELLS Pt
ROBBINS REEF
CONSTABLES Pt
NEW YORK.
EVERGREEN CEM.
N. ELIZABETH
ELIZABETH CITY
SALEM
WHEAT SHEAF
LINDEN
ELIZABETH RIVER
ELIZABETH FORT
HOWLANDS HOOK
BERGEN Pt
SHOOTERS Id
KILL VON KULL
NORTH SHORE
PORT JOHNSON
NEW BRIGHTON DOCK
NEW BRIGHTON
TOMPKINSVILLE
QUARANTINE.
PORT RICHMOND
STAPLETON LANDING.
VANDERBILT LANDING.
CLIFTON DOCK
FT WADSWORTH
LIGHT HOUSE
BULLS HEAD
SPRINGVILLE
MIDDLETOWN
RAHWAY
WOODBRIDGE
METUCHIN
STATEN ISLAND SOUND
STAR LANDING
FRESH KILLS
TOTTENVILLE
PERTH AMBOY
RICHMOND
PRINCES BAY.
HEADLEY TOWN

NEW YORK, BAL

PICTORIAL MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY, SHOWING T BAN TO


YONKERS
MT. ST. VINCENT
RIVERDALE
SPUYTEN DUYVEL
SPUYTEN DUYVEL CREEK
INWOOD
HIGHLAND
PALISADE MT.
COYTESVILLE
FORT LEE
PLEASANT VALLEY
FORT WASHINGTON
CARMANVILLE
HIGH BRIDGE
HARLEM RIVER
HUDSON R.R.R.
MANHATTANVILLE
HARLEM
HUDSON RIVER
YORKVILLE
CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK
HARLEM R.R.
PELHAMVILLE
NEW HAVEN R.R.
MONT VERNON
WOODLAWN
WILLIAMS BRIDGE
JEROME PARK
FORDHAM
MORRISANIA
MELROSE
MOTT HAVEN
NORTH NEW YORK
EAST MORRISANIA
PORT MORRIS
BRONX R.
WESTCHESTER CREEK
UNION PORT
WOODSTOCK
CONNERSVILLE
LONG ISLAND SOUND
CHIMNEY SWEEPS
NEW ROCHELLE
LOCUST I.
HIGH ID.
HUNTERS ID.
HART ID.
LIGHT H.
CITY ID.
PELHAM NECK
EAST CHESTER BAY
SCHUYLERVILLE
PROSPECT PT.
SANDS PT.
MOTTS PT.
HEMPSTEAD HARBOUR
GREAT NECK
DARKERS PT.
HEWLETTS PT.
COW BAY OR MANHASSET BAY
STEPPING STONES
ELM PT.
LIGHT H.
FT. SCHUYLER
THROGGS NECK
FORT
WILLETS PT.
OLD FERRY PT.
WHITESTONE PT.
CLASON PT.
HUNTERS PT.
LEGGETTS PT.
RANDELS ID.
LAWRENCE PT.
RIKERS ID.
BERRIANS ID.
BOWERY BAY
FLUSHING BAY
HELL GATE
ASTORIA
COLLEGE PT.
STRATTONPORT
POWELLS COVE
WHITESTONE
LITTLE NECK BAY
MANHASSET VILLAGE
LAKEVILLE
SUCCESS POND
MARATHON
FLUSHING
WHITESTONE R.R.
FLUSHING & WHITESTONE R.R.
BLACKWELLS ID.
RAVENSWOOD
MIDDLETOWN
HUNTERS PT.
L.I.R.R.
FLUSHING R.R.
BLISSVILLE
CALVARY CEM.
FASHION COURSE
GREENPOINT
NEWTOWN CREEK
LAUREL HILL
NEWTOWN
LAWRENCEVILLE
WINFIELD
KISSENA LAKE
MASPETH
MT. OLIVET CEM.
LONG ISLAND R.R.
BUSHWICK
WILLIAMSBURG
MIDDLE VILLAGE
S. SIDE R.R.
LUTH. CEM.
QUEENS
WALLABOUT BAY
NAVY YARD
EAST RIVER
BUTTERMILK CHANNEL
BROOKLYN
RIDGEWOOD
CYPRESS HILL CEM.
JAMAICA
BROOKLYN CENTRAL
CLARENCEVILLE
RIDGEWOOD RESERVOIR
WOODHAVEN
ECLIPSE COURSE
SPRINGFIELD
EVERGREEN CEMETERY
EAST NEW YORK
CANARSIE R.R.
JAMAICA POND
GOWANUS BAY
PROSPECT PARK
GOWANUS
THE LAKE
GREENWOOD CEMETERY
FLATBUSH
FLATLANDS
BAY RIDGE
GREENFIELD
FT. HAMILTON
NEW UTRECHT
GRAVESEND
BATH
UNIONVILLE
GRAVSEND BAY
CONEY ISLAND
CONEY ID. CREEK

A BALLOON.

BAN TOWNS, AND RAILROAD AND WATER COMMUNICATIONS.

EIGHTEEN MILES AROUND NEW YORK.

In studying this Pictorial Map the spectator is supposed to be stationed somewhere in mid-air above Fort Hamilton, at the outlet of the Narrows, from which convenient height he can cast his eye over all the country lying within a radius of eighteen miles around New York. In the centre he will see the great metropolis, with its busy marts and wharves, its splendid Park, and the surrounding islands. On the right, the city of Brooklyn, and the towns lying eastward as far as Jamaica and Hempstead, and northward as far as New Rochelle, with the railroads that make them suburbs of New York, and the islands and headlands of the Sound. On the left he will see Staten Island, with its picturesque villas, Jersey City, Newark, and all the pleasant suburban villages and towns of New Jersey as far south as Perth Amboy, westward to West Orange, and northward to Caldwell and Paterson. Following the course of the Hudson, he will see all the towns and places of interest on its banks between New York and Yonkers, which can be reached either by railroad or by the various lines of steamboats that, during the spring, summer, and autumn months, enliven the surface of that river. Some of the most pleasant excursions that can be made are connected with places of picturesque or historic interest along these shores.

The map illustrates the growth of New York, and indicates what would have been the territorial extent of the metropolis of the Western World but for its cramped position between two wide and deep rivers. The surrounding cities and villages on each side in reality belong to New York, with which they are connected by means of transit so rapid that the merchant or broker doing business in the lower part of the town can reach his house in Orange, Elizabeth, College Point, Jamaica, or Hempstead in less time than the street cars or stages would take him to the region of Central Park. The completion of the Brooklyn Bridge will make the transit still more rapid and convenient on that side of the town, and at some future day a tunnel under the Hudson may do the same for the other.

MY GRACES.

Three sprightly friends I happen to know
(They love your poet, he loves them dearly);
They are as sisters to me, and so
My eyes can see and judge of them clearly.
Their names—my head's a pitiful case;
I know them as Grace, and Grace, and Grace.

As witching a siren is Grace the First
As ever to lonely wanderer beckoned;
Full many a swain might hunger and thirst
For a flash of the eye from Grace the Second;
And many might prize a tender word
From the eloquent lips of Grace the Third.

Grace the First is winningly fair,
And half a hoyden and half a woman;
You'd think the wild gold wealth of her hair
An elfin charm, and nothing of human.
She can laugh and cry and coquet, this elf;
And altogether she loves—Herself.

Grace the Second is dark and grand,
With her tempest eyes she'll scan you throughly;
She can love or hate with a touch of her hand,
And speaks with a candor you'd call unruly
And many a heart-wound gives and takes,
But weeps at last for the hurt she makes.

Grace the Third has a face that shows
How sweet expression can sum for beauty;
No wildness hers, nor a dim repose,
But a simple doing of love and duty.
The charm of the lily, the breath of the rose,
And the frailness of both from her soul outflows.

Give me Grace the First for a day;
Grace the Second to-day and to-morrow;
Grace the Third for ever and aye:
Thus choose I in a world of sorrow.
Yet, why choose, O privileged Me,
While I may count for my friends all three?

THE CHILD-STEALER.

I.

In 1815 there was daily to be seen, wandering in the Hesse-Darmstadt quarter of Mayence, a tall, emaciated woman, with hollow cheeks and haggard eyes—a frightful picture of madness. This unfortunate woman, named Christine Evig, a mattress-maker living in the narrow street called Petit Volet, at the back of the cathedral, had lost her reason through the occurrence of a terrible event.

Passing one evening along the winding street of the Trois Bateaux, leading her little daughter by the hand, and suddenly observing that she had for a moment let go of the child, and that she no longer heard the sound of its steps, the poor woman turned and called:

"Deubche! Deubche! where are you?"

Nobody answered, and the street, as far as she could see, was deserted.

Then running, crying, calling, she returned to the port, and peered into the dark water lying beneath the vessels.

Her cries and moans drew the neighbors about her; the poor mother explained to them her agonies. They joined her in making fresh search, but nothing, not a trace, not an indication, was discovered to throw light on this frightful mystery.

From that time Christine Evig had never again set foot in her home; night and day she wandered through the town, crying, in a voice growing feebler and more plaintive: "Deubche! Deubche!"

She was pitied; good people supported her, gave her food, sometimes one, sometimes another, and dressed her in their cast-off clothes. And the police, in presence of a sympathy so general, did not think it their duty to interfere and shut Christine up in a mad-house, as was usual at that period.

She was left, therefore, to go about as she liked, without any one troubling himself concerning her ways.

But what gave to the misfortune of Christine a truly sinister character was that the disappearance of her little daughter had been, as it were, the signal for several events of the same kind; a dozen children disappeared in an astonishing and inexplicable manner, and several of these children belonged to the upper rank of towns-people.

These events usually occurred at nightfall, when the street passengers were few, and every one of them was hastening home from business. A willful child went out to the door-step of its parents' house, its mother calling to it, "Karl!" "Ludwig!" "Lotelé!"—absolutely like poor Christine. No answer. They rushed in every direction; the whole neighborhood was ransacked; it was all over!

To describe to you the inquiries of the police, the arrests that were made, the perquisitions, the terror of families, would be a thing impossible.

Seeing one's child die is, doubtless, frightful; but to lose it without knowing what has become of it, to think that one will never know it again, that the poor little being, so feeble and tender, one has pressed to one's heart with so much love, is ill perhaps—it may be, calling for us, and we unable to help it—this passes all imagination—exceeds the power of human expression to convey it.

Now one evening in the October of that year, 1815, Christine Evig, after having strayed about the streets, had gone and seated herself on the trough of the Bishop's Fountain, her long gray hair hanging about her face, and her eyes wandering as in the midst of a dream.

The servant-girls of the neighborhood, instead of stopping to chat as usual about the fountain, made haste to fill their pitchers and regain their masters' houses.

The poor mad-woman alone staid there, motionless, under the icy shower in which the Rhine mist was falling. The high houses around, with their sharp gables, their latticed windows, their innumerable dormer-lights, were slowly becoming enveloped in darkness.

The Bishop's Chapel clock struck seven, but Christine did not move, but still sat shivering and murmuring, "Deubche! Deubche!"

But at that moment, while the pale hue of twilight yet lingered on the points of the roofs before finally disappearing, she suddenly shuddered from head to foot, stretched forward her neck, and her face, impassible for nearly two years, was lit with such an expression of intelligence that Counselor Trumf's servant, who was at the moment holding her pitcher to the spout, turned in astonishment at seeing this gesture of the mad-woman's.

At the same moment, a woman, with downbent head, passed along the pavement at the other side of the square, holding in her arms something that was struggling with her, enveloped in a piece of linen cloth.

Seen through the rain this woman was of striking aspect; she was hurrying away like a thief who has succeeded in effecting a robbery, dragging her rags behind her, and slinking in the shadow.

Christine Evig had extended her shrunken left hand, and a few inarticulate words fell from her lips; but suddenly a piercing cry escaped from her bosom:

"It is she!"

And bounding across the square, in less than a minute she reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Ferrailles, where the woman had passed out of her sight.

But there Christine stopped, breathless; the stranger was lost in the darkness of that filthy place, and nothing was to be heard but the monotonous sound of the water falling from the house-gutters.

What had passed through the mad-woman's mind? What had she remembered? Had she had some vision—one of those flashes of soul that for a moment unshroud to us the dark depths of the past? I do not know.

By whatever means, she had recovered her reason.

Without losing a moment in pursuing the vanished apparition, the unfortunate woman hurried up the Rue des Trois Bateaux as if carried along by vertigo, turning at the corner of the Place Gutenberg, rushed into the hall of the Provost, Kasper Schwartz, crying in a hissing voice:

"Monsieur le Provost, the child-stealers are discovered! Ah, quick! Listen! listen!"

The Provost was just finishing his evening meal. He was a grave, methodical man, liking to take his ease after supper. Thus the sight of this phantom greatly disturbed him, and, setting down the cup of tea he was in the act of raising to his lips, he cried:

"Good God! am I not to have a single moment's quiet during the day? Can there possibly be a more unfortunate man than I am? What does this mad-woman want with me now? Why was she allowed to come in?"

Recovering her calmness at these words, Christine replied, in a suppliant manner:

"Ah, monsieur! you ask if there is a being more unfortunate than yourself; look at me—look at me!"

Her voice was broken with tears; her clinched hands put aside the long gray hair from her pale face. She was terrible to see.

"Mad! yes, my God! I have been mad; the Lord, in his mercy, hid from me my misfortune; but I am mad no longer. Oh, what I have seen! That woman was carrying off a child—for it was a child; I am sure of it."

"Go to the devil, with your woman and child! go to the devil!" cried the Provost. Seeing the unfortunate woman throw herself upon her knees, "Hans! Hans!" he cried, "will you come and turn this woman out-of-doors? To the devil with the office of provost! It brings me nothing but annoyance."

The servant appeared, and Monsieur Kasper Schwartz pointed to Christine:

"Show her out," he said. "To-morrow I shall certainly draw up a warrant in due form, to rid the town of this unfortunate creature. Thank Heaven, we have mad-houses."

The mad-woman laughed drearily, while the servant, full of pity for her, took her by the arm and said gently to her:

"Come, Christine—come."

She had relapsed into madness, and murmured:

"Deubche!—Deubche!"

II.

While these things were passing in the house of the Provost, Kasper Schwartz, a carriage came down the Rue d'Arsenal; the sentinel on guard before the shot-park, recognizing the equipage as that of Count Diderich, Colonel of the imperial regiment of Hilbourighausen, carried arms; a salute answered him from the interior of the vehicle.

The carriage, drawn at full speed, seemed as if going toward the Porte d'Allemagne, but it took the Rue de l'Homme de Fer, and stopped before the door of the Provost's house.

The Colonel, in full uniform, descended, raised his eyes, and appeared stupefied, for the shocking laughter of the mad-woman made itself heard outside of the house.

Count Diderich was a man about five-and-thirty or forty years of age, tall, with brown beard and hair, and a severe and energetic physiognomy.

He entered the Provost's hall abruptly, saw Hans leading Christine, and, without waiting to have himself announced, walked into Monsieur Schwartz's dining-room, exclaiming:

"Monsieur, the police of your district is intolerable! Twenty minutes since I stopped in front of the cathedral, at the moment of the Angelus. As I descended from my carriage, seeing the Countess of Hilbourighausen coming down the steps, I moved on one side to allow her to pass, and I then found that my son—a child of three years old, who had been seated by my side—had disappeared. The carriage-door on the side toward the bishop's house was open: advantage was taken of the moment I was engaged in lowering the steps to carry off the child! All the search and inquiries of my people have been fruitless. I am in despair, monsieur!—in despair!"

The Colonel's agitation was extreme; his dark eyes flashed like lightning through the tears he tried to repress; his hand clasped the hilt of his sword.

The Provost appeared to be dumfounded; his apathetic nature was distressed at the idea of having to rise and pass the night in giving orders, and himself to go about from place to place—in short, to recommence, for the hundredth time, the always unsuccessful search.

He would rather have put off the business till the next day.

"Monsieur," replied the Colonel, "understand that I will not be trifled with. You shall answer for my son with your head. It is your place to watch over the public security—you fail in your duty—it's scandalous! Oh, that I at least knew who has struck the blow!"

While pronouncing these incoherent words, he paced up and down the room, with clinched teeth and sombre looks.

Perspiration stood on the purple brow of Master Schwartz, who murmured, as he looked at the plate before him:

"I'm very sorry, monsieur—very sorry; but this is the tenth!—the thieves are much more clever than my detectives. What would you have me do?"

At this imprudent response the Colonel bounded with rage, and seizing the fat Provost by the shoulders, dragged him out of his arm-chair.

"What would I have you do? Is that the answer you give to a father who comes to demand of you his child?"

"Let me go, monsieur!—let me go!" roared the Provost, stifling with alarm. "In Heaven's name, calm yourself! A woman—a mad-woman—Christine Evig, has just been here—she told me—yes, I remember—Hans! Hans!"

The servant, who had overheard all at the key-hole, entered the room instantly.

"Monsieur?"

"Fetch back the mad-woman."

"She's still outside, monsieur."

"Well, bring her in. Pray sit down, Colonel."

Count Diderich remained standing in the middle of the room, and a moment afterward Christine Evig returned, haggard, and laughing insanely, as she had gone out.

Hans and a servant-girl, curious as to what was passing, stood in the open door-way open-mouthed. The Colonel, with a commanding gesture, made a sign to them to go away, then, crossing his arms in front of Master Schwartz, he cried:

"Well, monsieur, what kind of intelligence do you expect to obtain from this unfortunate creature?"

The Provost moved, as if he were going to speak; his fat cheeks shook.

The mad-woman uttered a sort of sobbing laughter.

"Monsieur," said the Provost at length, "this woman's case is the same as your own; two years ago she lost her child, and that drove her mad."

The Colonel's eyes overflowed with tears.

"Go on," he said.

"When she came here a little while ago she appeared to have recovered a spark of reason, and told me—"

Master Schwartz paused.

"What did she tell you, monsieur?"

"That she had seen a woman carrying a child."

"Ah!"

"Thinking that she was only raving, I sent her away."

The Colonel smiled bitterly.

"You sent her away?" he cried.

"Yes; she seemed to me to have relapsed into her state of madness."

"*Parbleu!*" cried the Count, in a tone of thunder, "you refuse assistance to this unfortunate woman? You drive away from her her last gleam of hope, instead of sustaining and defending her, as it is your duty to do? And you dare to retain your office!—you dare to receive the emoluments!"

He went up close to the Provost, whose wig trembled, and added, in a low, concentrated tone:

"You are a scoundrel! If I do not recover my child, I'll kill you like a dog!"

Master Schwartz, his staring eyes nearly starting from his head, his hands helplessly open, his mouth clammy, said not a word; terror held him by the throat; and besides, he knew not what to answer.

Suddenly the Colonel turned his back on him, and going to Christine, looked at her for a few seconds, then, raising his voice,

"My good woman," he said, "try and answer me. In the name of God—in the name of your child—where did you see that woman?"

He paused, and the poor woman murmured in a plaintive voice:

"Deubche! — Deubche! — they have killed her!"

The Count turned pale, and, carried away by terror, seized the mad-woman's hand.

"Answer me, unfortunate creature! answer me!" he cried.

He shook her; Christine's head fell back; she uttered a peal of frightful laughter, and said:

"Yes—yes—it is done! the wicked woman has killed it!"

The Count felt his knees giving way, and sank rather than sat down upon a chair, his elbows upon the table, his pale face between his hands, his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some fearful scene.

The minutes passed slowly in silence.

The clock struck ten; the sound made the Colonel start. He rose, opened the door, and Christine went out.

"Monsieur—" said Master Schwartz.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the Colonel, with a withering look.

And he followed the mad-woman down the dark street.

A singular idea had come into his mind.

"All is lost," he said to himself; "this unhappy woman can not reason, can not comprehend questions put to her; but she has seen something—her instinct may lead her."

It is almost needless to add that the Provost was amazed. The worthy magistrate lost not a moment in double-locking his door; that done, he was carried away by a noble indignation.

"A man like me threatened!—seized by the collar! Aha, Colonel! we'll see whether there are any laws in this country! To-morrow morning I shall address a complaint to the Grand Duke, and expose to him the conduct of his officers," etc., etc.

II

Meanwhile the Colonel followed the mad-woman, and by a strange effect of the superexcitation of his senses, saw her in the darkness, through the mist, as plainly as in broad daylight; he heard her sighs, her confused words, in spite of the continual hiss of the autumn winds pouring through the deserted streets.

A few late towns-people, the collars of their coats raised to the level of their ears, their hands in their pockets, and their hats pressed down over their eyes, passed, at infrequent intervals, along the pavements; doors were heard to shut with a crash, an ill-fastened shutter banged against a wall, a tile torn from a house-top by the wind fell into the street; then, again, the immense torrent of air whirled on its course, drowning with its lugubrious voice all other sounds of the night.

It was one of those cold nights at the end of October, when the weather-cocks, shaken by the north wind, turn giddily on the high roofs, and cry with shrilly voices, "Winter! winter! winter is come!"

On reaching the wooden bridge Christine leaned over the pier and looked down into the dark muddy water that dragged itself along in the canal; then, rising with an uncertain air, she went on her way, shivering and murmuring:

"Oh! oh! it's cold!"

The Colonel, clutching the folds of his cloak with one hand, pressed the other against his heart, which felt almost ready to burst.

Eleven o'clock was struck by the Church of St. Ignatius; then midnight.

Christine Evig still went on; she had gone through the narrow streets of L'Imprimerie, of the Maillet, of the Halle aux Vins, of the Vieilles Boucheries, and of the Fosses de l'Évêché.

A hundred times, in despair, the Count had said to himself that this nocturnal pursuit would lead to nothing; but, remembering that it was his last resource, he followed her as she went from place to place, stopping, now by a corner-stone, now in the recess of a wall, then continuing her uncertain course—absolutely like a homeless brute wandering at hazard in the darkness.

At length, toward one o'clock in the morning, Christine came once more into the Place de l'Évêché. The weather appeared to have cleared up somewhat; the rain no longer fell, a fresh wind swept the streets, and the moon, now and then surrounded by dark clouds, now and then shining in full brilliancy, shed its rays, smooth and cold as blades of steel, upon the thousand pools of water lying in the hollows of the paving-stones.

The mad-woman tranquilly seated herself on the edge of the fountain, in the place she had occupied some hours before. For a long time she remained in the same attitude, with dull eyes, and her rags clinging to her withered form.

All the Count's hopes had vanished.

But at one of those moments when the moon, breaking through the clouds, threw its pale light upon the silent edifices, she rose suddenly, stretched forward her neck, and the Colonel, following the direction of her gaze, observed that it was plunged into the narrow lane of the Vieilles Ferrailles, about two hundred paces distant from the fountain.

At the same moment she darted forward like an arrow.

The Count followed instantly upon her steps, plunging into the block of tall old buildings that overlook the church of St. Ignatius.

The mad-woman seemed to have wings; ten times he was on the point of losing her, so rapid was her pace through these winding lanes, encumbered with carts, dung-heaps, and fagots piled before the doors on the approach of winter.

Suddenly she disappeared into a sort of blind alley, pitch-dark, and the Colonel was obliged to stop, not knowing how to proceed farther.

Fortunately, after a few seconds, the sickly yellow rays of a lamp pierced the darkness of the depths of this filthy hole, through a small cracked window-pane; this light was stationary, but now and then it was momentarily obscured by some intervening figure.

Some one was evidently awake in the lane.

What was being done?

Without hesitation the Colonel went straight toward the light.

In the midst of the obstructions he found the mad-woman, standing in the mire, her eyes staring, her mouth open, looking at the solitary light.

The appearance of the Count did not seem at all to surprise her; only, pointing to the window on the first-floor in which the light was seen, she said: "It's there!" in an accent so impressive that the Count started.

Under the influence of this impulsion he sprang toward the door of the house, and with one pressure of his shoulder burst it open. Impenetrable darkness filled the place.

The mad-woman was close behind him.

"Hush!" she cried.

And, once more giving way to the unfortunate woman's instinct, the Count remained motionless and listened.

The profoundest silence reigned in the house; it might have been supposed that every body in it was either sleeping or dead.

The clock of St. Ignatius struck two.

A faint whispering was then heard on the first-floor, then a vague light appeared on a crumbling wall at the back; boards creaked above the Colonel, and the light came nearer and nearer, falling first upon a ladder staircase, a heap of old iron in a corner, a pile of wood; farther on, upon a sash-window looking out into a yard, bottles right and left, a basket of rags—a dark, ruinous, and hideous interior.

At last a tin lamp with a smoky wick, held by a small hand, as dry and sinewy as the claw of a bird of prey, was slowly projected over the stair-rail, and above the light appeared the head of an anxious-looking woman, with hair the color of tow, bony cheeks, tall ears standing almost straight out from the head, light gray eyes glittering under deep brows; in short, a sinister being, dressed in a filthy petticoat, her feet in old shoes, her fleshless arms bare to the elbows, holding a lamp in one hand and in the other a sharp slater's hatchet.

Scarcely has this abominable being plunged her eyes into the darkness than she rushed back up the stairs with astonishing agility.

But it was too late: the Colonel had bounded after her, sword in hand, and seized the old witch by the petticoat.

"My child, wretch!" he cried; "my child!"

At this roar of the lion the hyena turned and struck at random with her hatchet.

A frightful struggle ensued; the woman, thrown down upon the stairs, tried to bite; the lamp, which had fallen on the ground, burned there, its wick sputtering in the damp and throwing changing shadows on the dusky wall.

"My child!" repeated the Colonel; "my child, or I'll kill you!"

"You—yes, you shall have your child," replied the breathless woman in an ironical tone. "Oh! it's not finished—not—I've good teeth—the coward, to—to strangle me! Ho! above there! are you deaf? Let me go—I'll—I'll tell you all!"

She was nearly exhausted, when another witch, older and more haggard, tottered down the stairs, crying: "I'm here!"

The wretch was armed with a large butcher's knife, and the Count, as he raised his eyes, saw that she was selecting a place in which to strike him between the shoulders.

He thought himself lost; a providential accident alone could save him.

The mad-woman, until then a motionless spectator, sprang upon the old woman, crying:

"It is she!—there she is! Oh, I recognize her!—she shall not escape me!"

The only answer was a gush of blood, which inundated the landing-place; the old woman had cut the unfortunate Christine's throat.

It was the work of a second.

The Colonel had time to spring to his feet and put himself on guard; seeing which, the two frightful old women fled rapidly up the stairs and disappeared in the darkness.

The flame of the smoky lamp flickered in the oil, and the Count took advantage of its last rays to follow the murderers. But on reaching the top of the stairs prudence counseled him not to abandon this point of egress.

He heard Christine breathing below, and drops of blood fell from stair to stair in the midst of the silence. It was horrible!

On the other hand, a strange sound of disturbance at the back of the den made the Count fear that the two women were attempting to escape by the windows.

Ignorance of the place had for a moment prevented his moving from the spot on which he was standing, when a ray of light shining through a glass door allowed him to see the two windows of a room looking into the alley lit by a light from without. At the same time he heard, in the alley, a loud voice call out:

"Halloo! what's going on here? A door open!"

"Come this way! come this way!" cried the Colonel.

At the same moment the light gleamed inside of the house.

"Ah!" cried the voice, "blood! The devil! I can't be mistaken—it's Christine!"

"Come here!" repeated the Colonel.

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the hairy face of the watchman, Sélig, with his big otter-skin cap, and his goat-skin over his shoulders, appeared at the head of the stairs, directing the light of his lantern toward the Count.

The sight of the uniform astonished the good fellow.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Come up, my good fellow, come up!"

"Pardon, Colonel—but, down below, there's—"

"Yes—a woman has been killed; her murderers are in this house."

The watchman ascended the few remaining stairs, and, holding up his lantern, lit the place; it was a landing about six feet square, on to which opened the door of the room in which the two women had taken refuge. A ladder on the left hand, leading up to the garret-story, still farther contracted the space.

The Count's paleness astonished Sélig. However, he dared not question the Colonel, who asked:

"Who lives here?"

"Two women—a mother and daughter; they are called about the market the Jösels. The mother sells butcher's meat in the market, the daughter makes sausage-meat."

The Count, recalling the words uttered by Christine in her delirium—"Poor child! they have killed it!"—was seized with giddiness, and a cold perspiration burst from his forehead.

By the most frightful chance he discovered, at the same instant, behind the stairs, a little Scotch tunic with blue and red checks, a pair of small shoes, and a black cap, thrown there out of the light. He shuddered, but an invincible power urged him on to look—to contemplate with his own eyes; he approached, therefore, trembling from head to foot, and with a faltering hand raised these articles of dress.

They had belonged to his child!

Some drops of blood stained his fingers.

Heaven knows what passed in the Count's heart. For a long while, leaning for support against the wall, with fixed eyes, arms hanging helplessly by his side, and open mouth, he remained as if stunned. But suddenly he sprang against the door with a yell of fury that terrified the watchman. Nothing could have resisted such a shock. Within the room was heard the crashing of the furniture which the two women had piled up to barricade the entrance; the building shook to its foundation. The Count disappeared into the obscurity; then came shrieks, wild cries, imprecations, hoarse clamors, from the midst of the darkness.

There was nothing human in it; it was as if wild beasts were tearing each other to pieces in the recesses of their den!

The alley filled with people. The neighbors from all sides waded into the mire, inquiring:

"What's the matter? Are they murdering one another here?"

Suddenly all became silent, and the Count, covered with wounds from a knife, his uniform in tatters, came down the stairs, his sword red to the hilt; even his mustaches were blood-stained, and those who saw him might have thought that he had been fighting in the manner of tigers.

* * * * * *

What more is there for me to tell you?

Colonel Diderich was cured of his wounds, and disappeared from Mayence.

The authorities of the town considered it judicious to keep these abominable details from the parents of the victims; I learned them from the watchman Sélig himself, after he had become old, and retired to his village near Saarbrück. He alone knew these details, having acted as witness at the secret inquiry which was instituted before the criminal tribunal of Mayence.

THE MODERN ARK.

UNCLE SAM'S hospitality is proverbial—and just a trifle indiscriminate. He has built a magnificent ark, and named it *the Great Republic*, and, in the generosity of his heart, invites every body in creation to come and take possession of a corner. The result is a trifling inconvenience in the matter of crowding, some of his own family having been jostled quite out of their proper quarters by the new-comers. But the Uncle beams benignantly upon all, and trusts to the future to settle all difficulties and remove every cause of jealousy.

EQUATORIAL FORESTS.

THE immense uniformity of the tropical forest, and its undulating surface of green, give it a certain resemblance to the ocean, and at first its effect upon the mind is similar. All travelers speak of the sense of awe and depression that overwhelms them on plunging into a boundless sea of vegetation, most bewildering where it is most luxuriant. Every thing is strangely formed—even the leaves and flowers are gigantic, as well as the trees that bear them. Gorgeous lianas, or bushropes, climb and curl among the towering walls of verdure, rendering it often impenetrable to all but snakes and birds. The solitude is extreme. During the heat of the day the only sounds are those of inanimate nature—of streams that abound in the drenching equatorial climate, and of the trade-wind rushing through the tops of the giant trees. At other times these are joined by the voice of general creation, or, as Auguste St. Hilaire says: "Cette voix du désert, qui n'est autre chose que l'accent de la crainte, de la douleur et du plaisir, exprimé de différentes manières, partant d'êtres divers." There is a universal richness, an overflowing, an exuberance, by which each tree seems to expand into a pure enjoyment of life, to all seeming, as intense as that of its animal brethren. Nothing strikes the traveler more than the enormous energy of vegetation. In the forest all things are at war with each other, and not the animal world only. As every tree drinks full draughts of moisture from the cold leaf-stained brooks that flow among its roots, so it desires light and air for its development, and struggles upward, striving to raise its head into the sunshine, and force its vast limbs through the dense surrounding mass. Undoubtedly, a like contest exists in every climate; but here, where vegetation is so crowded and nourished by this superabundance of heat and moisture, it becomes remarkably apparent. European scenery is full of repose. Countless ages have passed and left no trace upon the most wildly tossed peaks of the Alps; they and their pine-covered slopes seem ever the same, quiet and almost lifeless. *There* the fierce, feverish existence of the tropics is unknown. Budding, flowering, fruiting, which, in colder climates, is the work of twelve months, is *here* accomplished in a few days, and the various stages are progressing in the same clump of trees. Every season may be observed in a single day; and throughout the year the temperature only varies within a few degrees. After a hurricane, or the continual squalls of the rainy season, two or three fine days will suffice to revive the forest in all its joyous strength, regardless of uprooted trees and dead foliage, and it is then that the rapidity of its growth is most wonderful.

There are three great forests lying under the equator—those of Brazil, of Central Africa, and of the Asiatic Islands. Each is a thick, wide-spreading mass of vegetation, subject to constant rains, and containing a world of life within itself. But as they essentially differ in their characteristics, we shall discuss them separately.

The broad rounded outline of the Brazilian forest is not so unlike that of a European wood as might be imagined; but it is the immense size of the trees, the deep green color of the leaves, and the strangeness of each individual form, that distinguish it. Palms of a hundred species are mingled with the swollen-stemmed ceiba; while the gigantic mora, the bertholletia, or Brazil-nut, and the cow-tree, tower, with several palms, above their fellows, two hundred feet from the ground. In some places there is a thick growth of under-wood and ferns; in others the ground is a bare swamp, rank and steaming, where no plant grows among the tall trunks but gloom-loving fungi. Few trees bear flowers; indeed, it seems to be a law of nature, the great mother, that trees constantly bearing leaves should seldom produce flowers; and there would be little color in the variously shaded mass of green but for the lianas, which form its distinguishing feature. To call them creepers is to describe them feebly, they are rather climbing trees, and sometimes of large size. Twining their lithe, ribbon-like arms round the nearest trunk, they obtain a firm support, and spread from tree to tree in labyrinthine festoons, displaying a wealth of brilliant flowers that irradiates the dimness of the forest. Often the tree dies in the murderous hug of its beautiful parasite, and hangs suspended, in the act of falling, by the liana, now scarcely smaller than itself. Nothing is at rest; but every living thing is fighting its own hard battle for existence. Heat and moisture are two great agents who are ceaselessly at work nourishing them all; no slight labor, when it is remembered that the equatorial rains, constant though they be, have to feed the Great River and its tributaries, as well as the forest that clothes their shores. To this excess of sunlight and rain does nature owe its marvelous freshness, life perpetually springing forth, hiding and sweeping away decay.

At every hour of the day and night some living creatures awaken to activity. Sunrise is announced by a general chorus, especially of loud-voiced animals, as monkeys and parrots, whose varied cries continue in bursts, until the forest rings with the uproar. This gradually ceases as the sun rises higher in the sky; till, at noon, a death-like stillness prevails. The snake and cayman lie basking in open places, drinking in the fierce heat that drives all other animals to seek shade. Only a solitary cry is heard until sunset, when the chorus is renewed; but this time by different voices—those of the hungry jaguar and panther, the tapir, peccari, and others, besides noisy frogs, and those creatures that always accompany night, the owl and bat—the latter being often, in the tropics, the formidable blood-sucking vampire. It is at this time that fruit and flowers send forth their most delicious fragrance, and swarms of goat-suckers appear chasing night-insects. That much maligned but innocent bird sleeps on the ground, or on a low branch, and lays its eggs on the bare soil.

The sounds of the night are nearly the same, but even fewer than those of the day; the crash of a fallen tree; the mournful wail of the sloth, that seems to implore pity as it crawls slowly along the under side of a branch; the cayman's cry, hideous and terrible, for it means that the monster is seeking for prey. Sometimes, too, there is the roaring of the jaguar on the same quest, or perhaps lost in the wilderness, a thing which not unfrequently happens, and the perplexed animal lives for weeks in the trees, the terror of monkeys and birds. That peculiar species of monkey called the howler makes a terrific noise, it is said, most depressing to the spirits—this is generally just before sunrise. Some of the birds sing well—as the realejo, or organ-bird, the campanero, with its bell-like note, and one or two others. As a rule, Brazilian song-birds are dull-plumaged. The glories of the winged kingdom are its humming-birds and butterflies. Birds lay throughout the year, and find plentiful food in the insects that abound. Every species of ant exists here, and in myriads. The formigo or fire-ant actually depopulates whole districts, man and beast fleeing from its fearful sting; while, on the other hand, termites or white ants perform a useful office in the system of nature, eating away the decayed parts of vegetation.

Beyond the ordinary sights and sounds of the forest, there are those for which no hunter, either Indian or white, can account—a ring as of an axe striking a tree, or a sudden sharp cry unlike that of any animal, and followed by profound silence. They are described as producing a strange effect upon the mind in these vast solitudes. The Indians ascribe all such unexplained noises to the spirit of the woods. In them, and the voices of nature around them, they believe a deity speaks. Very few in number, and shrinking from contact with the white man's civilization, these Indians lead a wild, solitary life. A wretched, palm-thatched hut, containing a few earthen pots, and the universal hammock slung within, is their dwelling, which is generally surrounded by a small clearing, growing manioc and plantains. The women cultivate this ground, while the men hunt and fish. Boiled ant-eater and red monkey are their common food. One or two tribes are nomad, remaining but a short time in the same spot, and living entirely upon fruit and fish—a harmless, degraded people. Their history is as obscure as that of most savages—even tradition is silent among them. Whence they came, it would be hard to say, but certain it is that they do not seem fitted by nature for the climate, as the negro is. They suffer from the heat like the white, yet their race appears to have existed and grown old with the forest itself. Its pathless wilds are familiar to them. With the lore of the hunter, and the sun for their guide, they can read a meaning in every broken twig, in the bend of a tree, in a freshly stirred pool, or a bird's cry.

Still journeying under the equator, we pass eastward across the Atlantic, and come to the forests of the Old World. Massive and thickly grown like the others, these of Central Africa seem to bear upon their face the traces of a greater antiquity. Here is none of the youthful exuberance of the Brazilian forest; all is silence and gloom. Huge trunks rise out of the barren swampy ground, and their dense foliage screens it from every ray of sunshine. Animal life partakes of these gigantic proportions. Large carnivora, however, such as tigers, panthers, and hyenas, are rare; and indeed the same may be said of the large monkeys, who are exclusively fruit-eating. The elephant retires farther and farther into the interior. Both it and the hippopotamus are slaughtered in numbers—by the traders for ivory, and the negroes for food—and the result, at least for the latter, must finally be extinction. It can not, like the elephant, recede far from the coast; its home must ever be in rivers. The American tapir is the small and partially developed representative of the Old World elephant; the American alligator or cayman, a near but inferior relation of the crocodile. The chimpanzee, gorilla, and other large monkeys have progressed far beyond the stage in which we at present see the long-tailed climbing species, who are exactly suited for an existence among the trees of the new continent.

Words can scarcely express the deep melancholy and solitude of an African forest. Explorers, whom the "fatal fascination of Africa" has drawn again and again to her bosom, describe the beauty of its scenery, its glorious sunsets, and the merry, childish savage, and at the same time this mysterious sadness, that overpowers every European. The Indian of South America, and he alone, is listless and melancholy amidst the youth and brightness of his native forests. He *may* be fallen; his ancestors may have fought for the Incas in the golden days of Peru; they may have built the monuments that lie in ruins scattered over Tehuantepec: but what past has the negro? If Amazonian America ever did lie where the sea now washes the festering mangrove swamps of the Guinea coast, it is so long ago that he has forgotten all about it. The tribes are very few in number, and widely scattered. A traveler may journey for days, and find but few signs of life; scarcely hear the song of a bird, or see a single flower. Rainbow-tinted dragon-flies hover round the pools, and a stray deer now and then comes to drink; but one may listen in vain for that faint murmur or under-current of voice and motion, which is generally to be distinguished beneath the deepest stillness of tropical noon.

Lastly come the immense forests of the East India Islands, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, upon which the sun pours down an everlasting flood of light, and the "cloud-ring" of the equator its tribute of rain. Lying midway between Africa and America, this group of vegetation shares the characteristics of both, though parts of it are rather jungle than forest. Immense groves of magnolias vary the never-ending palms of different kinds, among which the sago and betel-nut palms are especially common. The screw-pine and the tallest bamboo grow side by side, and, sheltering under the thick foliage, is the sole representative of an almost extinct class, the tree-fern, sixteen or eighteen feet high—relic of past geological ages, when its kind waved every where above a primeval sea. Splendid creepers twine among the trees; and in some places the jungle is a mass of rhododendrons, pink, crimson, yellow, and purple. Orchids are found in great variety; but the peculiarity of these islands are the nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, holding in their leafy cups an inexhaustible draught of water, always pure and cold in the hottest weather. Among fruit-bearing trees, the famous durian and mangosteen abound on every hand. In the dry monsoon trees lose their leaves, but nature quickly revives under the drenching rains that follow. Rain at the equator has generally an exhilarating effect upon both tree and animal. It arouses new life within the white man, and almost produces vivacity in the listless, silent Indian. The negro alone is miserable under it. Here, in the Asiatic Islands, the afternoon showers of the wet monsoon rejoice all hearts. The animal concert is louder and more joyous than before. It is easy to distinguish the cries of the peacock and argus pheasant, and of the Jelatuk bird, which resembles the stroke of an axe. Night brings with it the loud pipe of tree-frogs, added to the cooing of doves, as they collect in flocks round the fruit trees. Gaudy macaws and red lories settle to sleep among the branches, and leave the dark hours to enormous bats, whose expanded wings measure four feet across. Gradually these sounds drop off. The silence is perhaps broken for a moment by one of those unaccountable noises heard in dense, untrodden forest, then all is quiet again. Suddenly a shriek arises from some defenseless creature, frightened by the approach of a stealthy cobra or night-wandering tiger, and the general uproar is renewed with tenfold vigor. Alarm spreads even to the huge orang-outang, who springs, terrified, from tree to tree. When this happens, there is an end to quietness for that night.

In these regions, where life is so abundant and so full of vitality, all is at the same time changing. Nature can not stand still. Every where she is working, but it is under the equator that her grandest forces are visibly seen, rolling on through a majestic and never-ending cycle. There she puts forth all her Titanic strength. Many believe that the cradle of the human kind was in this sunny belt of the earth's surface, others that "the perfect race of the future" will see its day arise there. It may be so; but what more can we say? How, being ignorant of the past, can we guess otherwise than blindly at the future?